The Brain Makes Its Own Narcotics!

The Clamor Over Municipal Unions

# Saturday Review

March 5, 1977

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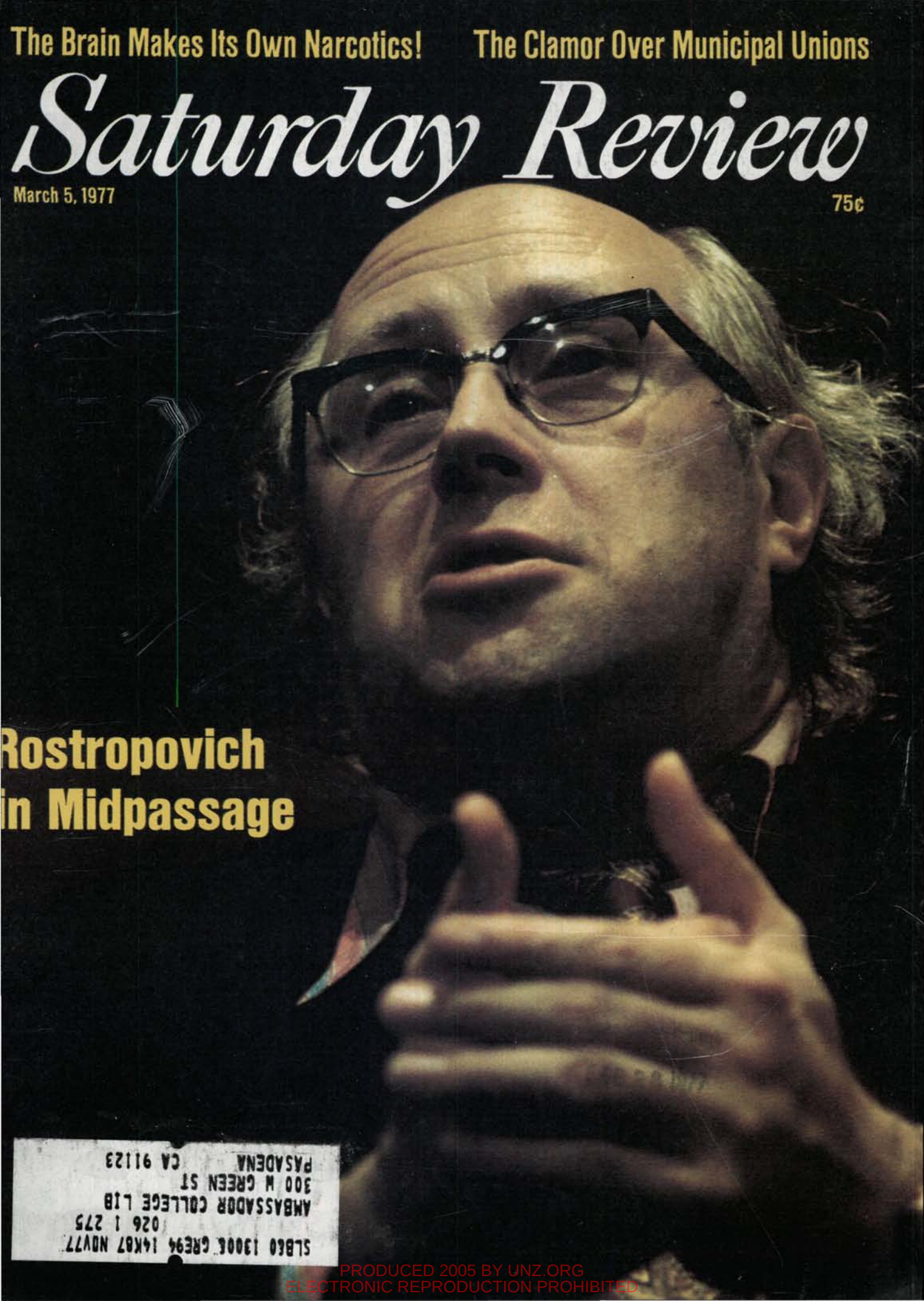

## Rostropovich in Midpassage

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Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
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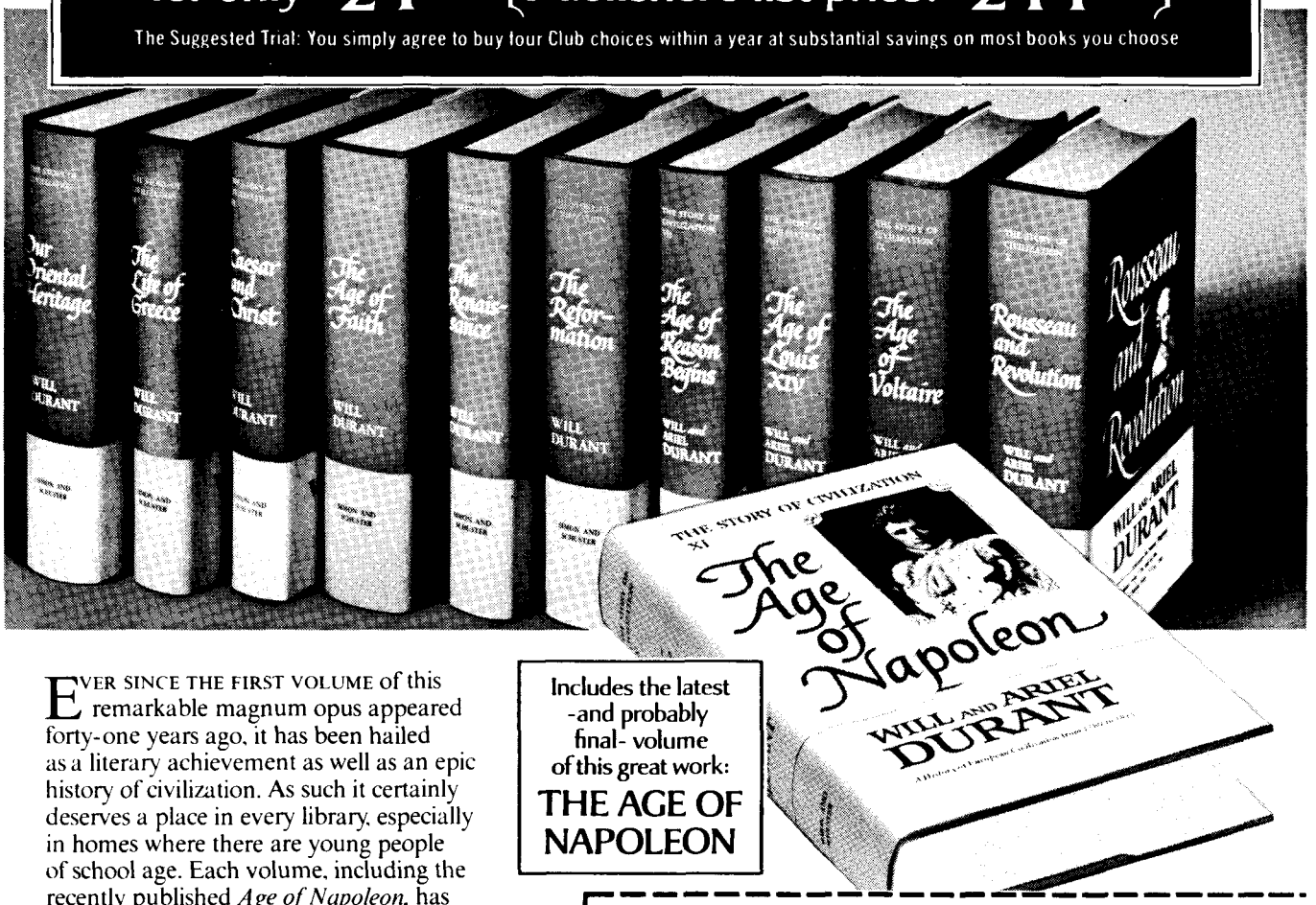


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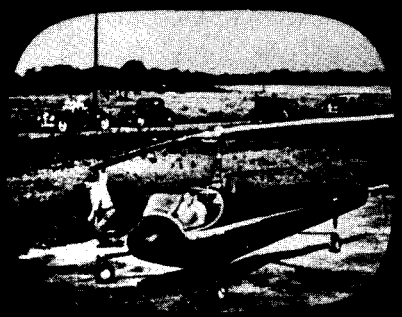
# The Bell story makes a point about something even more versatile than helicopters.

In 1943 the Bell Helicopter was an experimental novelty. Today it is an indispensable workhorse, serving people in countless different ways. Its development is a record of imaginative response to changing needs.

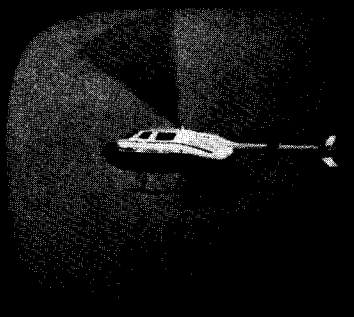
This story of versatility makes an effective case for the private enterprise system, according to an initial survey of viewer reactions to Textron's current television campaign.

Comments on the advertising, which includes commercials about several other divisions of Textron, were overwhelmingly favorable. 93% of viewers with proven recall of the campaign said the commercials were informative. 96% found them believable. And 84% thought that corporations should do this kind of advertising.

Viewers also had some nice things to say about Textron. Which goes to show that making a case for Business can be good business. For more details on the research, write "Response", Dept. T, Textron, Providence, Rhode Island 02903.

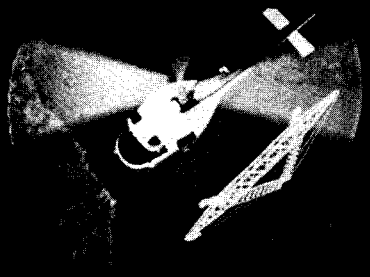


When the first Bell helicopter got off the ground in 1943, it was slower than a family car. Even so, some people thought there'd be a helicopter in every driveway some day.



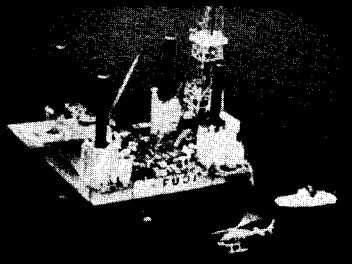
It never happened, but a lot of other things did. Enough to create 12,000 jobs at the Bell Helicopter Division of Textron, and that's just a part of the helicopter industry.

Instead of a family car, the helicopter became a workhorse. An ambulance that always has a green light.



A crane that'll lift three tons.

A fire engine that doesn't need ladders or roads.



Who could've foreseen all this in 1943? The helicopter found its place because Bell and its competitors were free to respond to needs as they developed.

and free to keep working on ideas for tomorrow. Competing to find better ways to meet the needs of a changing world.

That's what private enterprise is all about.

that's what private enterprise is all about.

TEXTRON

and that's what we do at every division of Textron.

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# The Toxified Society

**"Millions of Americans today are going about their daily lives without feeling quite up to scratch."**

For more than a decade, millions of American parents have been desperately troubled by the way the lives of their children have been disfigured by drugs, from marijuana to LSD. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent in attempts to shut down the sources of supply and to rehabilitate the victims.

Meanwhile, far less attention has been paid to an even more serious drug problem. A large part of the total population—not merely the young—is being affected by the misuse or overuse of medications, most of them self-administered. The resultant toxicity may not give rise to anything as dramatic and specific as heroin addiction, but it represents a significant health hazard nonetheless. Even low-level toxicity can cut heavily into a normal existence, robbing a person of full creativity and productivity and lowering resistance to disease.

A curious but misguided notion abounds that any drug obtainable without a prescription is completely safe. This misconception has figured in the current boom of a wide range of over-the-counter drugs—most of them pain-killers, sleeping pills, and tranquilizers—all of them potentially dangerous. These drugs are being bought and consumed as casually as peanuts.

The public-at-large is unaware that the professional medical journals have reported research showing that aspirin and sodium salicylate, for example, cause internal bleeding in 70 percent of the users. These accounts have described aspirin as an "anti-platelet" drug, meaning that it inhibits blood clotting. (This characteristic of aspirin has led to its use for heart patients.) Sleeping pills can be even more harmful than aspirin. Tranquilizers can damage the bone marrow and produce symptoms similar to those of Parkinson's disease.

It is incomprehensible that such drugs should be dispensed without competent medical advice. Similarly, it is little short of outrageous that the Food and Drug Administration does not require manufacturers to include prominent warnings about specific side-effects with the packaged products.

It would be a serious mistake to conclude from the foregoing that the mere fact of a prescription means that all risk is eliminated. The modern physician has available to him a wide array of medications that are many times more potent than the drugs of a generation or more ago. Antibiotics, cortisone, anti-hypertensive drugs, and tranquilizers —to mention only a few—all have their side-effects. The responsible physician attempts to balance these risks against the desired benefits; but he is constantly pushed in the direction of liberal use rather than restraint. On one side, he is bombarded by the extravagant claims of the manufacturers. On the other side, he is pressured by patients to prescribe exotic new cures for the slightest complaints. Most patients are profoundly convinced that their ailments are being minimized unless they can leave a physician's office clutching a prescription.

Some of the new drugs being taken so eagerly and profusely, however, can produce health problems as serious as the illnesses they are expected to treat. It is by no means uncommon to find patients who are caught up in a chain reaction of toxic medications. Cases have been reported in the medical journals, for example, of patients whose platelet counts have dropped sharply as a result of certain drugs. This condition has led to the administration of blood transfusions, which in some cases have produced serum hepatitis.

The medical journals have also reported drug chain reactions that begin with the administration of certain anti-hypertensive compounds. These sophisticated new medications are designed to counteract or prevent high blood pressure. In a significant number of cases, however, they have also produced dizziness or nausea or loss of memory or glandular disturbances. These symptoms in some cases have not been diagnostically connected to their cause, the result being the administration of yet other powerful drugs and, sometimes, the use of surgical procedures.

What intensifies the problem of drug toxicity in our society is that it does not exist in a vacuum. Just in the ordinary course of living—especially in the big cities—people are exposed to all sorts of toxic substances. They may sit in an airplane, waiting for takeoff, breathing in an unholy spew of black hydrocarbons sucked into the cabin from the exhaust of the planes lined up ahead. Or they may go into a fancy restaurant, ordering a plate of fish taken from a river heavily burdened with toxic chemicals. Or they may eat contaminated livestock, as has happened in Michigan, where fire retardant was accidentally mixed into cattle feed.

Millions of Americans today are going about their daily lives without feeling quite up to scratch. They may be irritable or morose or even depressed. They may find themselves forgetting things. Their energy level is not what it should be, and they don't know what is ailing them.

All these failings can be signs of toxicity. This situation will not be improved by the casual use of pain-killers or other medications that may allay some symptoms even as they create others.

In his first fireside chat, President Jimmy Carter spoke gravely of the deepening energy crisis. But there is another and perhaps even more serious energy crisis that applies to human beings. The American people today are being de-energized by the steady increase of toxicity in the environment and in human tissue. We need a human energy policy no less than a natural energy policy. The protection of human resources is the first obligation of any responsible society. —N.C.



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# Letters from Readers

### Spies and Lies

I would like to commend Donald Kirk on his excellent article ["Dirty Tricks Korean Style," January 8], although I disagree on one trivial point. After living in Korea for two years, I think it would be highly unlikely to find anyone speaking out against the government in a coffee shop, dimly lit or otherwise. It's just too dangerous. KCIA agents are numerous, and penalties are too stiff for what the government calls "acts against the national security," which means any criticism whatsoever of the Park regime.

*Barbara Wright*
*High Point, N.C.*

Donald Kirk says the actions of the Korean operators in attempting to interfere in American policies represent "something about the Korean character." I find such a racist statement appalling. I do not see that the reprehensible activities of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency in the United States or in Korea reflect anything more than evil actions of evil men.

*Thelma Cappo*
*West Lafayette, Ind.*

### Poor Policy Planning

Henry Owen's essay ["The Middle East: On a Back Burner, but Still Simmering," December 11] ends, "So the policies that we should follow are not in question. . . . The real question is whether they will work."

If the policies may not work, why should we follow them? Such a blatantly stupid remark would not have bothered me had it not been made by a former chairman of the Policy Planning Council of the State Department.

*Moshe Shifrine*
*Woodland, Calif.*

### Comments on Commentary

I would certainly agree with Karl Meyer's superb article in praise of ABC news commentator Howard K. Smith ["The Uncommon Commentary of ABC's Howard K. Smith," December 11]. If he is quoted correctly, however, Mr. Smith made one glaring error in his comment on the Daniel Schorr matter.

Congressman John Flynt never threatened Mr. Schorr with contempt for refusing to name the person "on Mr. Flynt's committee" from whom Schorr had obtained the report of the House Select Committee on Intelligence. That committee was chaired by Congressman Otis Pike of New York. Mr. Flynt, chairman of the Committee on Standards, was simply carrying out the will of the House and repeatedly warned Mr. Schorr that his refusal to reveal the source of his information was possibly in contempt of Congress. The committee subsequently voted not to cite Mr. Schorr for contempt because it recognized, wisely, that the information to be gained was not worth the possible cost to the First Amendment to the Constitution.

If Mr. Smith is overdue for a Pulitzer, as Mr. Meyer asserts, he should get his facts straight.

*Jon C. Hinson*
*Assistant to Rep. Thad Cochran*
*Washington, D.C.*

Someone has finally realized that there is a third network news, and that on that news team is an outstanding commentator, Howard K. Smith.

We need a "contempt of the public" citation, backed up by a compulsory prison sentence, for those government, business, and labor leaders to whom Smith addresses questions, but who are unable to see the logical answers those questions demand.

*David Mathewes, Jr.*
*Cullowhee, N.C.*

### Answers for Africa

In his informative and challenging article ["Africa in Black and White, and Red," December 11] Benjamin Pogrund writes: "Even while the available means of pressure are applied [by the United States to get the Republic of South Africa to end oppression of black South Africans], extreme care has to be taken that economic interests are not damaged. It requires subtlety because the pressures must persuade whites that their own interests demand that they change while they can."

This is all true, but there is another truth that must not be overlooked: insane power wielded oppressively inevitably brings down justifiable vengeance on its own head.

The white rulers of South Africa are insane with power, and they are wielding it oppressively—in the most horrendous fashion. Only the most radical turnabout can prevent a bloodbath that will involve all of Africa.

I see three possible ways out of this tragedy: spiritual rebirth not only of white South Africans but also of the whole human race, since, in a way, we are all guilty of racism; the fullest and most carefully planned use of the political arm of the United Nations; and a vastly stepped-up economic and social aid program for Africa, channeled through U.N. agencies.

*Palmer Van Gundy*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*



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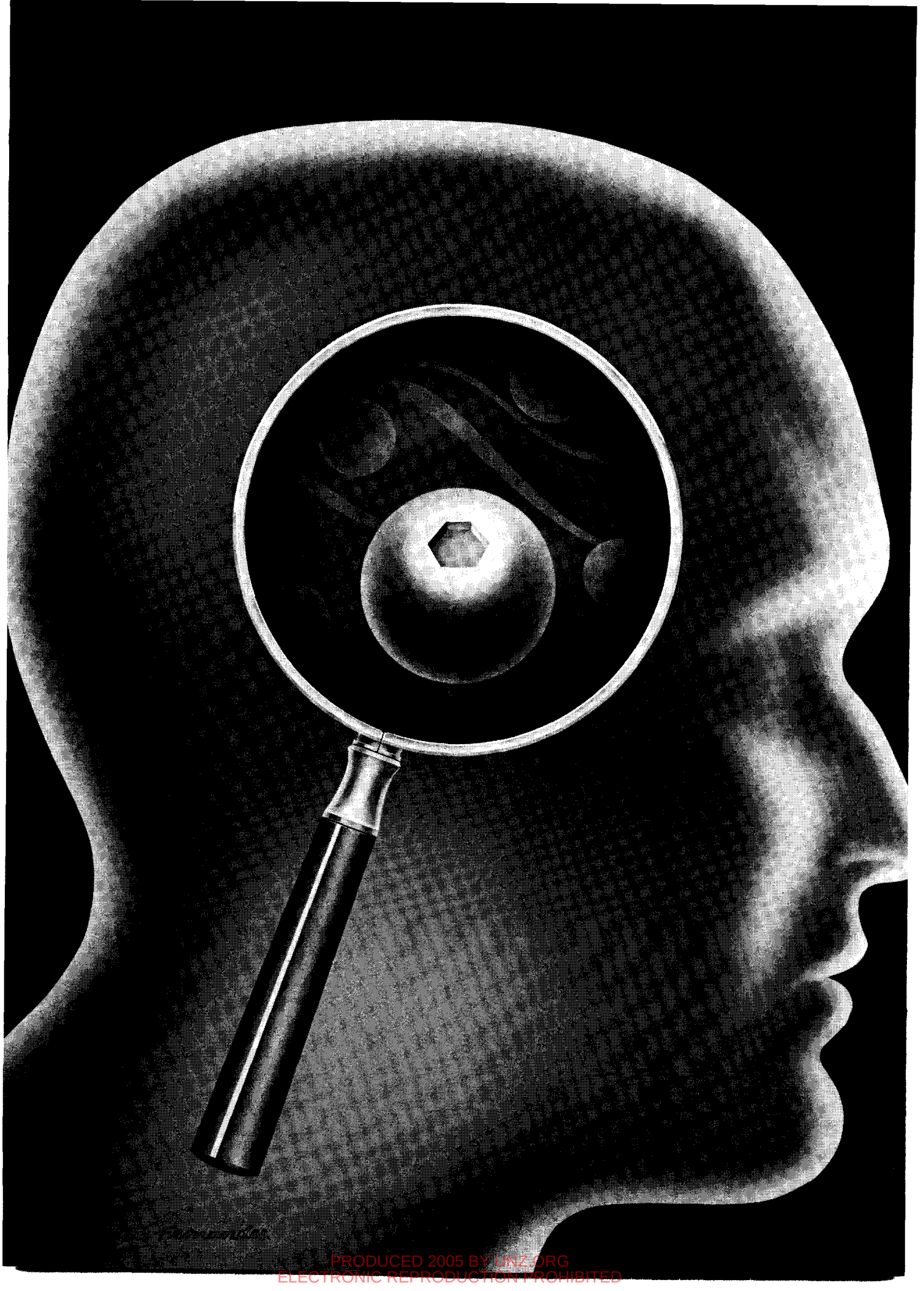

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# The Brain Makes Its Own Narcotics!

## Clues to the mysteries of pain, addiction, and mental illness lie in an astounding new family of psychochemicals

by Richard Restak

MEDICAL researchers tend to frown on overenthusiastic claims about "miracle cures" and "wonder drugs." Yet behind the scenes in medicine today, waves of high excitement are being generated by a group of biochemical agents called endorphins.

So far, researchers have carefully avoided hyperbole in their descriptions of the endorphins. But it's hard to leave out the exclamation points when you are talking about a veritable philosopher's stone—a group of substances that hold out the promise of alleviating, or even eliminating, such age-old medical bugaboos as pain, drug addiction, and, among other mental illnesses, schizophrenia.

Oddly, all these afflictions are turning out to be closely related (and thus perhaps treatable by the chemically similar endorphins), a surprising development to virtually all doctors, who had previously regarded such disorders as being quite separate and largely untreatable illnesses.

Take, for instance, our new understanding of pain.

Pain has always been a paradox in our lives. It is vitally important in warning the body of danger. It informs us when something is wrong or is about to go wrong. Victims of those rare diseases that deprive them of pain sensations are in constant jeopardy of severe injury, even death. Their nervous systems do not let them know when they are being cut, burned, bitten, crushed, or stomped on.

So we recognize the value of pain. Nevertheless, we can't help wishing that, once its signaling job was done, it would just go away. All too frequently, it does not. Pain tends to be a dirty word, then, full of negative connotations. It evokes other words like hurt, ache, misery, anguish, and suffering, as well as all the images that accompany those words.

Throughout history—and, for that matter, prehistory—people have hurt and have sought ways to relieve their pains. Most of the ways they have found, unfortunately, have themselves been dangerous, as well as addictive. For centuries, pain relief has depended on drugs made from opium, the brown powder extracted from the juice of the unripe poppy. Although the modern opium derivatives, morphine and heroin, are effective pain-killers, they exact a fearful price from the individual or the society that becomes dependent on them.

First of all, in order to kill a given pain, the amount of opiate you have to take is often very close to the amount that will make you stop breathing. Moreover, patients find themselves requiring more and more of an opiate in order to achieve the same degree of relief. And, perhaps most serious of all, opiates possess a great potential for addiction.

All that is an old and all-too-familiar story. The new story is that *the body manufactures its own opiates*, originally called enkephalins but now more commonly known as endorphins.

But if we have had these substances in our brains and nervous systems all this time, what took us so long to discover them? And how *did* we find out about their existence?

Cell biologists, over the past several years, have been making a concentrated effort to understand the structure and function of cell membranes—which used to be thought of merely as cell "walls," serving to keep the cell's contents inside. Cell membranes have turned out to be much more complex than that.

One important line of research involves the study of "receptor sites" on the cell membrane. Many substances circulating in the bloodstream can't get into the cell unless they are received and chemically "bound" at a specific receptor site on the membrane. We can think of a receptor site as being like a door to a house. Your spouse at the door to your own house wouldn't let anybody in but you, or else someone who looked so much like you that he or she couldn't tell the difference. No matter how many strangers passed by, your spouse wouldn't open the door until he or she recognized *you*, or mistook a stranger for you. In like manner, any number of molecules can pass by in the bloodstream, but a receptor site admits only the specific molecule it was chemically designed to "bind to." Scientists have compared this relationship to a lock and key, but any analogy will do. The essential point is that unless you have a dial setting for Channel 31 on your TV set, the air can be full of broadcasts from Channel 31 and they won't ever reach you. So it is with the cell, its receptor sites, and the substances that bind to those receptor sites.

Until recently, scientists were very much in the dark about how opiates work. Do they act on the whole brain, they wondered, literally bombarding it into chemical submission? Or do they act on specialized opiate receptors on the membranes of brain and nerve cells?

Several strong lines of evidence now favor the specialized-opiate-receptor theory.

For one thing, some opiates are extraordinarily powerful. The little-known opiate etorphin is the most potent mind-altering drug in the world, with 10,000 times the pain-killing properties of morphine. A tiny dose of etorphin (less than the smallest potent dose of LSD) can, when used on the end of a narcotic dart, deliver an instantaneous knockout blow to a rampaging elephant. The capacity to achieve so powerful an effect with such a minuscule dose of the drug argues against any theory that posits the chemical "overwhelming" of the entire mass of the brain. It suggests, rather, an exact

*Artist's rendering of brain cell with opiate receptor site—For biochemists, a matter of determining the exact molecular "fit."*

Illustrations: Stanislaw Fernandes



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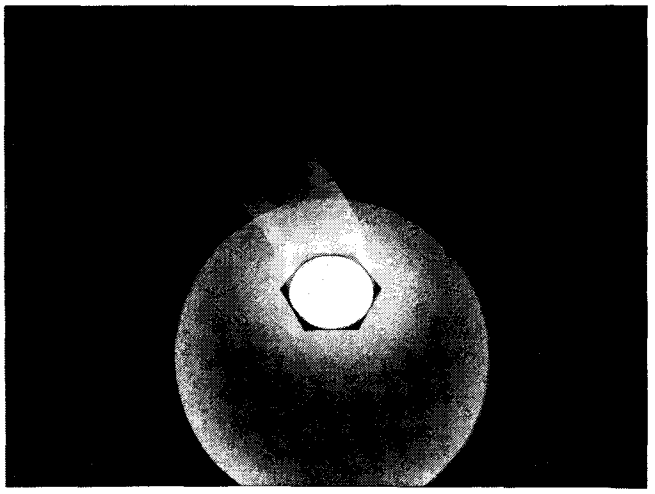

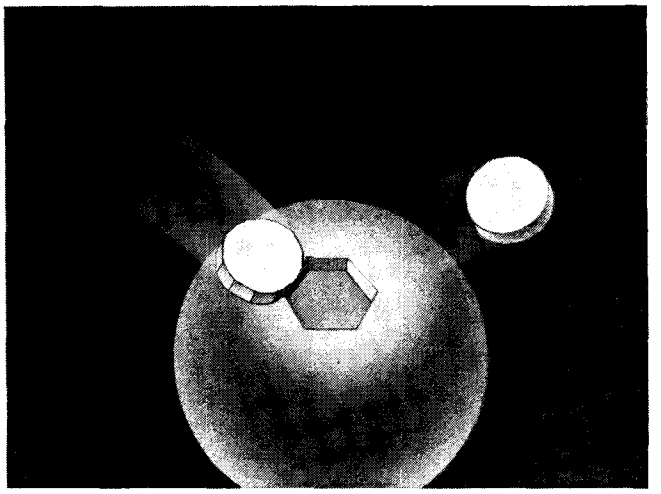

*Stylized drawing shows opiate receptor site as hexagonal shape. Only opiate molecules fit into these receptors. Some*

molecular "fit" between the opiate and special opiate receptors in strategically located cells.

Support for this lock-and-key concept comes from the changes biochemists have been able to bring about in an opiate's physiological effects by tampering with its three-dimensional structure. Since the tolerance for error in the lock-and-key model is extremely small, even tiny structural changes in an opiate molecule can lead to unforeseen, even paradoxical effects. In biochemistry, molecules can be classified as either "left-handed" or "right-handed" in structure, depending on the direction in which they spin under certain laboratory conditions. When morphine is transformed into the chemical mirror image of itself (as though a left-hand glove had been changed into a right-hand glove) the potency of the new drug drops a thousandfold. Further, if a small group of atoms is either added to or subtracted from morphine, the result may be a synthetic drug that can "antagonize"—that is, block the effects of—morphine itself!

One such opiate antagonist, naloxone, is used in emergency rooms to bring addicts out of dangerous morphine or heroin comas. Naloxone acts so speedily that it often begins to take effect even before the syringe is out of the patient's arm. This suggests that the drug has a greater affinity for the patient's opiate receptors than does the morphine or heroin itself. It would be as if—going back to the door-of-the-house analogy—some stranger were so perfectly disguised as you that your spouse let the stranger in. In fact, your spouse might have liked the stranger better! (To cite a less personal analogy, it is like fooling some of the taste buds on your tongue—specifically those designed to detect sweetness—by using an artificial sugar substitute.) Coming back to brain chemistry, naloxone thus appears to *displace* the opiate, restoring consciousness, quickening respiration, and instantly bringing on a state of morphine withdrawal! It does so merely by *occupying* the receptor site, and thus effectively keeping the morphine out, without itself triggering the chemical action that brings on a "high." (Unfortunately, naloxone's effects are too short-lived for it to serve as an ideal pain-killer in itself.)

Naloxone's "antagonistic" action on morphine is so clear-cut that scientists are now using it as a standard test for opiates. If an unknown drug's action can be reversed by naloxone, they reason, it must possess some or all of the characteristics of an opiate. (Anyone your spouse lets through the door must be your type!) In addition, naloxone provides a laboratory measure of the strength of a drug's opiate activity.

"The existence of pure opiate antagonists like naloxone gave us the first clue that the brain had its own opiate receptors," recalls Dr. Solomon Snyder, thirty-seven-year-old professor of pharmacology and psychiatry at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine in Baltimore and one of the early researchers in the field. "It also gave us a workable method of testing for the opiate receptors. We are confident now that naloxone is binding at the same site as opiates. It is, in fact, a biological marker for the opiate receptor."

The next step was to locate that receptor. To do this, Snyder and his former graduate-student assistant, Candace Pert (now an independent researcher), put a radioactive "tag" on naloxone and studied the distribution of radioactivity in the brains of different animals injected with the tagged drug. Significant differences were immediately apparent.

Only those animals with backbones—the vertebrates—bound the radioactively tagged naloxone. To confirm this, Pert systematically removed the brains of twelve tarantulas that had been mailed to her by a collector in Texas. After careful dissection she repeated the naloxone experiment. The brain tissue of the tarantulas, like that of other invertebrates previously studied, did *not* bind naloxone, and, by implication, did not contain opiate receptors.

Of equal importance was the distribution of opiate receptors within the brains of different vertebrates. Surprisingly, the primitive hagfish, which is the oldest known vertebrate—traceable at least to Devonian times, over 350 million years ago—turned out to possess as much opiate-receptor binding capacity as did a monkey or a man. "Whatever neuronal [nerve cell] property accounts for the opiate receptor," says Snyder, "this property is present uniformly in all vertebrates, no matter how old, and yet is totally absent from invertebrates."

Does this mean that lower animal forms do not "feel" pain and thus have no need for opiate receptors? No one knows. "We are postulating that the opiate receptor is 'receiving' a naturally occurring morphinelike substance," says Snyder. "We are further postulating that this substance remains the same throughout vertebrate evolution. If these

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*Richard Restak, a neurologist who lives in Washington, D.C., earned the Claude Bernard Science Award for a previous* SR *article. His latest book is* Premeditated Man.



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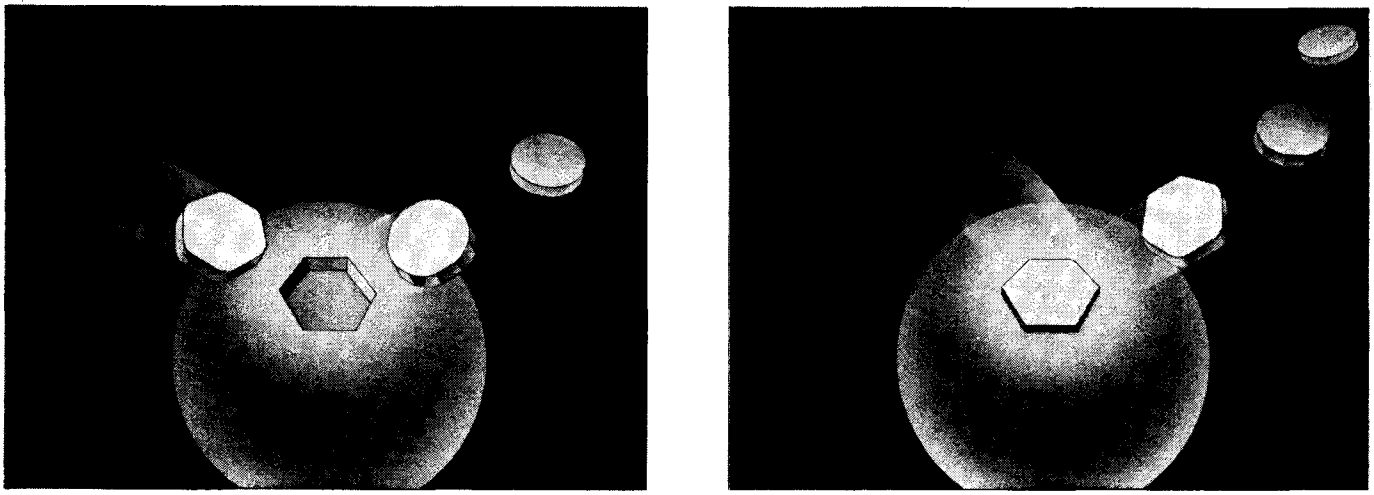

*t better than others. Thus, morphine may be displaced by a non-addictive opiate with closer fit.*

postulates are true, they would explain why the opiate receptors retain the same general form in different species over millions of years.

"Why would nature put a receptor in our brain meant only to interact with the juice of a poppy?" Snyder reasons further. The existence of a "lock" implies the existence *somewhere* in the body of a "key" that could react with it. In other words, morphinelike substances must naturally occur in the body. This challenging hypothesis provided the stimulus throughout 1975 for three crack international teams of neurobiologists.

IN LATE 1975, Dr. John Hughes and Dr. Hans Kosterlitz of the Unit for Research on Addicting Drugs at the University of Aberdeen in Scotland reported finding that "key" in a specially prepared extract of pig's brain. A highly purified peptide (a short string of amino acids, the chemical "building blocks" for proteins), which they named enkephalin, produced effects similar to those of morphine when placed directly on the pigs' opiate receptors and, in addition, was appropriately "antagonized" by naloxone.

Within weeks, two other research teams, including Snyder's team at Hopkins, reported enkephalin in a distribution that almost exactly paralleled the location of the opiate receptors as determined at Aberdeen. Particularly intriguing were the brain areas that contained the highest concentrations of the substance: for the most part, both enkephalin and the opiate receptors were located in parts of the brain concerned with pain perception and emotional expression.

Neurobiologists have known for years that some parts of the brain are more important than others in the expression of emotion. The most critical areas of all are located within the zoologically primitive limbic system, a doughnut-shaped ring of nervous tissue deep in the brain. The limbic system is thought to be responsible for such feelings as anger, joy, and remorse. It was in the limbic system—particularly in an area called the amygdala—that the research teams found extremely high concentrations of the opiate receptors. In contrast, the more recently evolved cerebral cortex—the wrinkled mantle of gray matter that sits on top of the brain and initiates and controls most of our conscious activity—was found to be almost devoid of opiate receptors.

Similar variations in the location of opiate receptors were discovered in parts of the nervous system involved in pain perception. Ordinarily, pain has two components, relayed to the brain by two different conduction systems. The first, "fast pain," travels by "express" and makes few stops on its way to the brain. Fast pain is felt instantaneously, prompting us to take immediate action to end the pain. "You've just stepped on a thorn and you'd better do something about removing it" is the split-second, matter-of-fact message delivered via the fast-pain pathway.

"Slow pain," in contrast, conforms to the stops and starts of a subway "local," taking much longer to reach the brain and making more frequent stops along the way. In addition, it delivers a very different kind of message. Instead of a crisp, precisely localized sensation, slow pain is diffuse, lingering, and poorly localized. In the case of the thorn, the slow-pain component is felt as a throbbing that starts in the toe, moves to the foot, and sometimes eventually involves the whole leg. Moreover, the slow-pain pathway is responsible for our emotional reactions to pain: the panic, irritation, and fright that we experience when we "hurt."

The existence of two pain pathways, conveying either a slow or a fast pain, provides us with a partial explanation of how morphine and other opiates work. By binding to the opiate receptors along the slow-pain pathway, morphine not only relieves the slow pain of, say, terminal cancer, but in addition gently soothes the accompanying anxiety that, if left untreated, can lead to total despair and a pathetic shattering of the personality.

All of which leads to this intriguing speculation: Are there real-life situations in which pain can somehow be "turned off" without the administration of narcotics? There are several phenomena that provide strong support for such a possibility.

One is the behavior that often accompanies severe wounds. During World War II, doctors serving in frontline hospitals were often amazed at the stoicism displayed by soldiers brought to them for emergency surgery. Often suffering from horribly mutilating wounds, the soldiers voluntarily endured major operations without the aid of narcotics (in many cases refusing the drugs and calmly declaring that they could do without any pain-killers). Yet moments later these same soldiers could be observed to issue the usual complaints in response to injections of antibiotics, clearly indicating that they were still capable of feeling pain.

Until now, the soldiers' responses have been laid to "euphoria"—to their relief at still being alive. Now there is an alternative explanation: under conditions of extreme and totally disorganizing pain, the brain can release its *own* nar-



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**"So far there are no studies correlating the endorphins with depression, but there are indications of a link between endorphins and schizophrenia."**

cotic. Could this mean that the "strong, brave" individuals who can take torture without breaking down are simply gifted with a large supply of endorphins? And that the "coward" who "can't take it" is merely a victim of endorphin deprivation?

There are also major aberrations in pain perception that are permanent instead of temporary. A clinically famous case is that of F.C., the daughter of a Canadian physician, who lived her entire life with a "congenital insensitivity to pain"—an extreme physiological liability that hastened her early death, from massive infections, at age twenty-nine.

By the age of two, F.C. had chewed the tip of her tongue into a pulp. (All children might do that if it didn't hurt when they accidentally bit their tongues.) At three, she knelt on a radiator hot enough to make any normal person jump off instantly, and calmly watched children playing outside until she suffered third-degree burns—the first of many similar accidents. Still later, while in her teens, she was able to mystify her friends by voluntarily dislocating both of her shoulders and then casually replacing them without assistance. For years, F.C.'s strange affliction remained an enigma, since at autopsy no explanation was found. Now scientists are speculating that F.C.'s insensitivity to pain may have been due to an endorphin abnormality.

Similar speculations have already been subjected to experimental testing. Dr. David J. Mayer of the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond has studied the influence of naloxone on acupuncture. He has found that the pain relief associated with acupuncture is antagonized by naloxone. Dr. Bruce Pomeranz of the University of Toronto has taken Mayer's experiment a step further. After inducing acupuncture anesthesia in small rodents, Pomeranz was able to reverse it with naloxone. Both experiments strongly suggest that procedures like acupuncture can affect the slow-pain pathway by somehow influencing its opiate receptors—and can perhaps induce the production of endorphins.

Excited by experiments such as those of Mayer and Pomeranz, neurobiologists have discovered in the past year at least seven substances that qualify as "natural" narcotics. And these new endorphins are not limited to small, five- or six-amino-acid structures such as the original enkephalin. In fact, one endorphin, beta-lipoprotein, is a very large molecule (91 amino acids long) isolated from the pituitary gland by Dr. C. H. Li at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. It has the intriguing property of splitting, under the influence of certain chemicals, into much smaller fragments of widely varying potency. Among these smaller fragments is the original enkephalin identified by Hughes and Kosterlitz!

All of which leaves brain scientists somewhat confused. Are the smaller endorphins, such as enkephalin, derived from the larger ones, such as beta-lipoprotein? And are there still other, undiscovered endorphins?

Further, why should the endorphins be confined to the brain and its small attachment, the pituitary? Why indeed, reasoned Candace Pert, who, with her psychobiologist husband, Agu Pert, and co-worker John Tillman, recently reported, at the National Institutes of Mental Health (NIMH), a natural opiate circulating in human blood. Called anodynin, this latest addition to the growing list of endorphins conforms to the two most important criteria for an opiate: it relieves pain, and it is blocked by naloxone.

The Perts are now cautiously speculating that anodynin may be a "healing hormone" important in stress, pain, and sleep (the three areas presently under study by their research team). Most exciting of all, anodynin and the other endorphins might play an important role in narcotic addiction.

"In some people, a genetically determined endorphin deficiency could predispose to narcotic addiction," speculates Dr. Avram Goldstein, professor of pharmacology at Stanford University and director of the Addiction Research Foundation in Palo Alto, California. According to Goldstein, an addict may be taking narcotics in order to overcome an inborn endorphin deficiency, just as a diabetic takes a "fix" of insulin to make up for a failure of his pancreas to secrete its daily quota of the hormone.

If true, this "gene" theory of addiction could help explain why depriving an addict of narcotics leads to withdrawal symptoms, since the opiate receptor sites would be emptied of their occupants without having the vacancies refilled. It would also explain the success of methadone and other morphine substitutes, which work by successfully competing with morphine for the opiate receptor.

There is much to recommend such a theory of addiction. Imagine everyone in the world with genetically determined levels of many different endorphins, some of those endorphins known, others still to be discovered. Assume, in addition, that although the endorphins may vary from one person to another, they remain fairly constant from day to day in any particular person. Now introduce a daily intake of heroin or some other opiate. In response, the body's endorphin machinery shuts down as the opiate receptors become fully occupied with the injected drug. Eventually, the body's ability to produce its own "narcotic" (the endorphins) becomes seriously hindered and, if the addiction continues long enough, perhaps even permanently impaired.

RESEARCH at Johns Hopkins and the NIMH is currently aimed at developing better methods for detecting changes in endorphin and anodynin levels of drug addicts. If changes can be detected, they will support earlier theories, which equated addiction with metabolic diseases like diabetes. But first, several technical problems await solution.

Studies so far indicate that endorphin levels in human spinal fluid (which provides the most easily obtainable measure of brain endorphin levels) are very low, requiring extremely sensitive tests for their detection. "The tests currently available are simply not good enough to measure the subtle differences that may exist between, say, a drug addict and the rest of us," states Snyder.

In anticipation of more sensitive tests in the near future, several laboratories are now storing human spinal fluid from a wide variety of patients. In addition to addicts, the list includes patients with intractable pain and patients like F.C., born with an inability to experience pain at all. Do such people have abnormally high or low levels of the endorphins? (One study already indicates that sufferers of the severe facial pain of trigeminal neuralgia do have lower-



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than-normal endorphin levels.) Is there something wrong with the neurochemistry of their pain-perception pathways? From studies on brain endorphins and anodynin levels in the blood, scientists may soon have answers to these questions.

Meanwhile other researchers are studying the role endorphins may play in our emotions. Since the greatest concentration of opiate receptors is found in the limbic system, could an endorphin abnormality be involved in certain forms of mental illness? "Perhaps in parts of the brain such as the amygdala, the normal release of endorphins acts as the body's own 'tonic' against disappointments and losses," Snyder suggests. Could this "tonic" be deficient in cases of depression? So far there are no studies correlating the endorphins with depression, but there are indications of a relationship between the endorphins and schizophrenia.

Dr. Floyd Bloom and his collaborators at the Center for Behavioral Neurobiology of the Salk Institute, in La Jolla, California, recently injected an endorphin (beta-endorphin) directly into the cerebrospinal fluid of several rats. After thirty minutes, the rats became immobile and catatonic, literally frozen into postures so rigid they could be suspended across bookends. But within seconds after an injection of naloxone, the rats recovered completely, in some cases even showing a short-lived withdrawal response. On the basis of this experiment, Bloom and his colleagues propose that subtle derangements of any of the mechanisms normally regulating endorphin balance could lead to the symptoms of mental illness.

Other scientists have gone even further. Dr. A. Wahlstrom and Dr. L. Gunne of Uppsala University in Sweden report that the hallucinations of schizophrenics ceased under naloxone therapy. Although only a small number of patients were tested, the results are so provocative that several research teams are setting up controlled trials of naloxone therapy for schizophrenia in this country.

"We have no idea whether endorphins play a role in mental illness," says Snyder. "However, we can speculate that a deficiency of endorphins in emotional brain regions might result in pain or depression. Investigating the disposition of endorphins in different disease states may shed light on the origin of various forms of mental illness."

In addition to these practical applications, the endorphin work is also having an impact on brain research. "The discovery of the endorphins was not accidental or the product of some far-out scientist's wild guesses," Snyder emphasizes. "In fact, the endorphin discovery resulted from systematic and logical inquiry based on what we knew all along about narcotic drugs. In a sense the work represented a complete reversal of the usual experimental approach—instead of trying to develop drugs to mimic brain action, we used familiar drugs like morphine to give us the first clues about an important aspect of how the brain works."

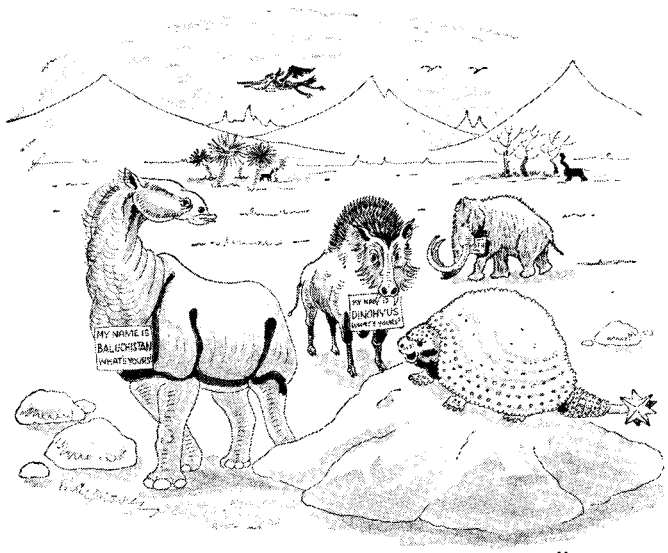
One practical spin-off from this new research orientation involves the evaluation of newly synthesized pain-killers. Until now, this has required long-drawn-out testing on volunteer human subjects, with all the attendant hazards and uncertainties. Now it may be possible to do the whole job much more speedily and efficiently by testing new narcotic drugs directly on opiate receptors contained in special laboratory preparations.

Of course, a major hope is that as we isolate and purify the endorphins and learn their mechanisms in more precise detail, we can eventually synthesize them and use them as pain relievers, thus possibly doing away with the necessity for addictive narcotics that are foreign to the body. Another possibility is that we may discover ways to "turn on" the body's own production of endorphins—much as researchers are seeking ways to induce the body to produce more of the substance called interferon, which combats viruses, or to boost its own immune system to fight off infection and cancer; a method far preferable to the use of noxious drugs or chemicals.

Will endorphins be addictive? Some probably are, judging from laboratory evidence, even though they are native to our own biology. But some may well turn out not to be. We cannot yet be certain. Will they produce the same euphoria we get from some other narcotics? Quite possibly not. Naloxone, for instance, can occupy the opiate-receptor sites without giving us a high. But, again, there is no way to tell until we try.

If the endorphins live up to their promise even partially, it is hard to calculate their overall effects. They could relieve the suffering of countless millions—and relieve it *safely*, without doing further harm. They could save millions more from addiction—and their families and society at large from the crushing consequences. They could be useful in a variety of mental illnesses. They could considerably diminish the crime rate in the major cities of the world by relieving addicts of the need to steal in order to feed their drug habits. They could have a substantial effect on our relations with many nations—Turkey, as one example—with whom we have had considerable difficulty because of the international narcotics traffic. One could go on and on with quite feasible speculations of this nature. We should, of course, not let our expectations run too high too early. Several investigators suggest that we temper our enthusiasm with caution.

"So far we have only looked at perhaps forty percent of the neurons in the human brain," says Candace Pert. "I'd like to know a little more about the other sixty percent before betting on the endorphins to provide the final answer to things as complex as drug addiction and human pain." She points out how vastly much we still do not know about the brain. But even she admits that "what we don't know almost always turns out to be much more interesting—and more surprising—than anything we already know!" ◉




*"I'm not sure. . . . I've lost my tag."*



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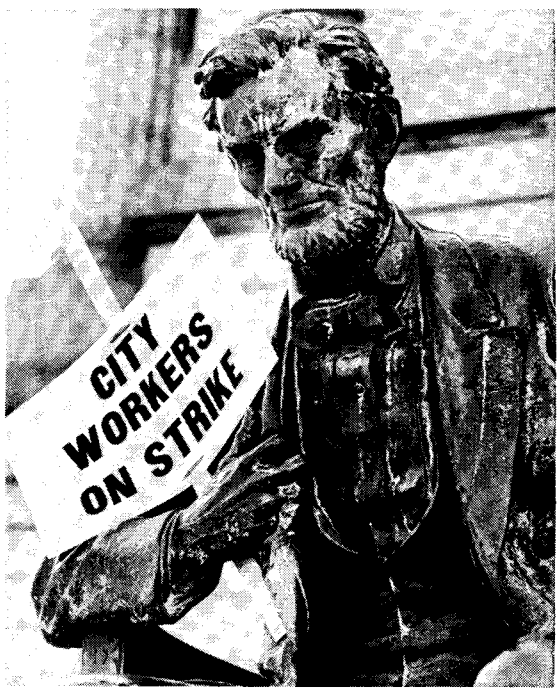
# The Clamor over Municipal Unions

## Today's public-employee unions face nationwide resentment over their escalating demands and public-be-damned attitudes

by Roger M. Williams

For five days last April, the only police car on the streets of Mansfield, Ohio, was driven by Mayor Richard A. Porter. With a badge in his pocket and an armed auxiliary patrolman at his side, Mayor Porter filled in for an entire police force that had stayed off the job with an alleged sickness whimsically known as the "blue flu." As it turned out, the mayor-cop's most dangerous assignment was cooling down the hot rodders on Mansfield's Park Avenue West. But among the city's 58,000 residents, apprehensions ran high. Anger ran equally high among its 85 policemen, who wanted a substantial wage increase. It was the type of face-off that has become exasperatingly familiar in American cities, where public employees are striving to better their lot while municipal governments are striving to solve expanding problems with declining revenues.

Within the last year, New York and San Francisco have received national publicity because of their struggles with—and eventual triumphs over—public-employee unions. Much less visible is the frequency with which similar struggles are taking place in cities the size of Mansfield and smaller, with strikes, slowdowns, and mass demonstrations; and with all kinds of public workers involved.




San Francisco UPI

Over a period of a few months in 1976, California alone had this array of small-city labor disputes: Redondo Beach, a police slowdown; Hayward, a strike of non-uniformed workers; Tulare, a heated confrontation with police and firemen, who were represented by an outside consultant; Morro Bay (population 8,875), a long wrangle with police over unionization and their demand that the chief be fired; several Bay Area cities, teacher strikes—after passage of a state law providing for collective bargaining in an effort to avoid such strikes. And all that was in addition to problems in the state's major cities. San Francisco was suffering its third major public-employee strike in two years. Oakland was seeking an escape from a budget-busting $2 million to $3 million arbitration award to its firemen. San Diego was witnessing the spectacle of its mayor pushing through an anti-strike referendum while its firemen were buying billboard space in Los Angeles urging people not to come to San Diego.

Well within the memories of most of us, public employees were so docile a group that they scarcely seemed part of the American labor movement. Public work was regarded as a short step above the dole, the refuge of lazy, dimwitted people willing to exchange decent wages and the respect of their fellowmen for security and an undemanding job. Public-employee uprisings were few, and they met severe censure. The Boston police strike of 1919, which helped make then Massachusetts governor Calvin Coolidge President, was squelched so effectively that 55 years passed before policemen dared strike in another large American city—Baltimore.

The lowly status of public employment was cemented in the past by two notions: that municipalities, like the king, were sovereign, and that public workers deserved neither of the crucial rights won by workers in the private sector—the rights to strike and to bargain collectively. (At the expense of those rights, the public employee did gain early statutory protection on wages, hours, and working conditions.) The first broadly based public workers' union, the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), was not formed until the mid-1930s, and its original members were quasi-professional rather than blue-collar. By the early 1960s, however, AFSCME and similar organizations formed the fastest-growing—virtually the *only* growing—segment of the trade-union movement. They remain so today. Roughly half of America's 11 million public employees (including teachers) are now organized, compared with 20 to 25 percent of the work force in the private sector. And AFSCME, by far the largest and most powerful of the public unions, has 700,000 members, a threefold increase in a dozen years. It bargains for an additional half-million workers who do not have to join because their municipalities prohibit union shops and frown on agency shops, which compel employees to contribute to the union that serves them, whether or not they join that union.

All but 16 states permit collective bargaining by at least some levels of public employees. The holdouts are concentrated in the Rocky Mountains, the Great Plains, and the South. While no reliable and comprehensive statistics comparing public- and private-sector earnings are available, public workers without question have greatly narrowed the gap in the past couple of decades. Such highly publicized phenomena as transit workers retiring at pensions that exceed



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their salaries and street sweepers earning $17,000 a year have made public employment seem like the twentieth century's longest gravy train. Although there have been abuses of this type—all acceded to by supposedly responsible elected officials—they distort the true picture of incremental, generally reasonable gains made by workers who started far down the economic ladder.

For the past few years, however, the challenge for public-employee unions has been to cope with a backlash against their continued successes and their periodic displays of a public-be-damned attitude. Backlash combined with a chronic fiscal crisis has cost New York City's municipal unions 55,000 jobs, as well as scheduled pay increases and assorted perquisites. Yet even now the unions are periodically castigated by conservative politicians and elements of the press. In San Francisco, where municipal unions have exercised inordinate power, voters responded last November by overwhelmingly approving a group of anti-union referenda. One measure requires the firing of any city employee who strikes; a second sharply restricts the application of the pay formulas that have escalated city workers' wages; a third, which one local union official justifiably calls "ludicrous," provides that in stalemates over wages, voters will decide what the wage rates will be. In many other cities municipal unions have been settling for little or no increase in wages and benefits.

In some localities, an anti-union stance has measurably enhanced the popularity of politicians. After years of capriciously boosting city pay scales, the San Francisco board of supervisors "hung tough" in a crippling strike last spring and won the approval of a clear majority of the electorate. The supervisors added another laurel a few months later by removing from the airport commission the head of the plumbers' union (plumbers and other crafts employees had attained the highest pay scales under the city's permissive policies). In San Diego, Republican mayor "Pete" Wilson has been testing the depth of anti-municipal-union sentiment as a possible base for a gubernatorial race in 1978.

The courts also have taken a hand in checking what critics contend are excesses committed by public-employee unions. A New York State court last fall punished the United Federation of Teachers (UFT) by stripping it of the right to have its members' dues automatically deducted from payrolls by the employer; that right, prized by unions, had been removed on only one other occasion in New York. The U.S. Supreme Court last June ruled 5 to 4 that the minimum-wage and maximum-hour provisions of the federal Fair Labor Standards Act cannot be extended to cover employees of state and local governments—a decision that has municipal managers rejoicing. Its effect will be to save municipalities countless millions of dollars and, in some cases, to save them from bankruptcy. Jerry Wurf, the gruff, outspoken president of AFSCME, complains that the decision "reasserts the doctrine of state sovereignty and goes back to the Articles of Confederation," but there is little prospect of overturning it until Jimmy Carter gets a crack at naming a Supreme Court Justice or two.

To many labor leaders, this severe slowdown in municipal-union gains reflects an effort to make public employees scapegoats for urban problems; to Albert Shanker, president of the UFT, it is no less than "war" against the employees; to the National League of Cities and other representatives of municipal management, on the other hand, it is a necessary redressing of the balance of power between cities and their unions. "Even some people in labor circles have a growing awareness that they've had it a little too easy," says Alan Beals, vice-president of the league.

While few labor leaders would admit to that heretical view, there is some agreement in the two rival camps over the causes of the current backlash. The principal cause, they concur, is sheer economic necessity. By and large, America's cities are broke. Many have been broke for several years, but they have only recently been able to convince their unions of that. Fiscal subterfuges that enabled pay raises to be funded out of seemingly empty treasuries are no longer possible. New York City's sleights of hand are everybody's favorite example, but New York has had no monopoly on the practice.

In Mansfield, city officials regularly "raped"—as Mayor Porter puts it—the street-improvement fund in order to give employees annual raises and thereby purchase labor peace. Last year, when the street fund was depleted, Porter showed the police the empty piggy bank, and they responded with their blue-flu strike. (They finally settled, on condition that any funds left over in the budget go to salary increases.)

There is also agreement that the mechanics of municipal labor relations



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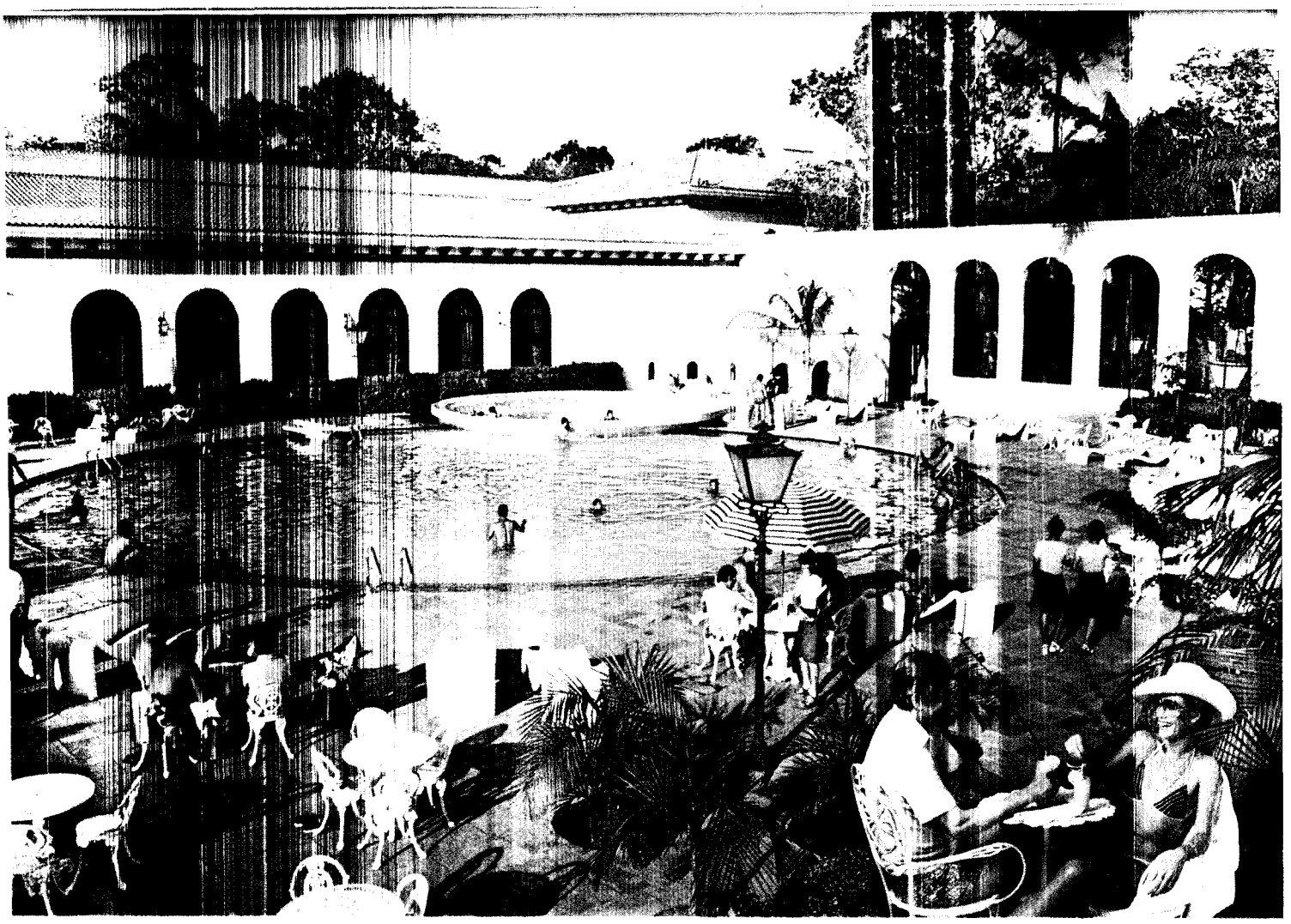

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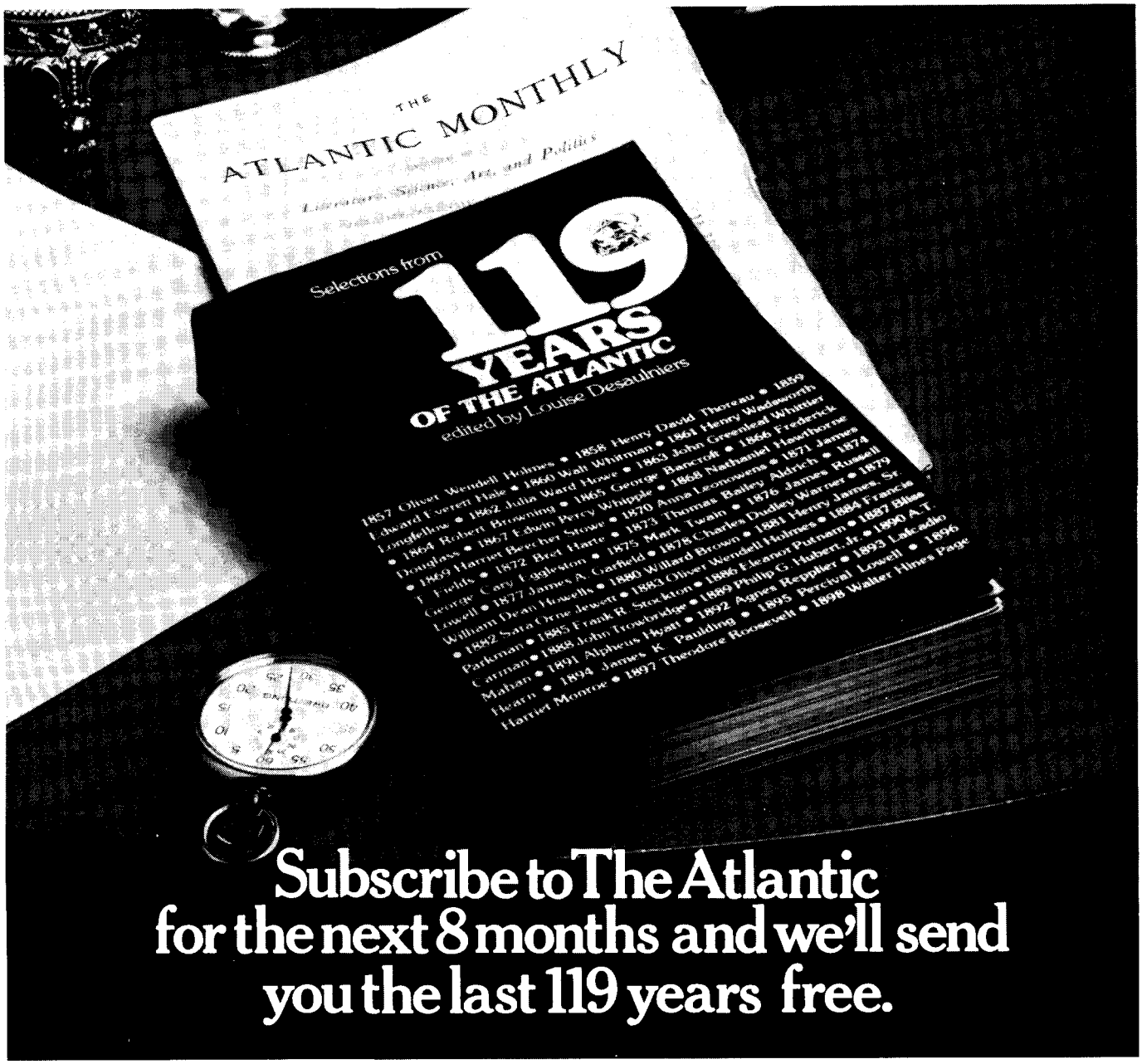
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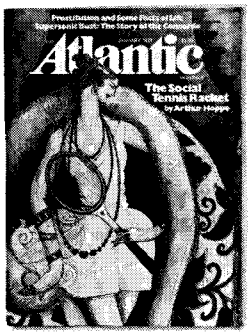


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have not worked well, even where there has been collective bargaining. Legislatures have exercised undue influence over city labor matters, sometimes refusing to establish a rational and unencumbered bargaining procedure, other times permitting city unions to make an end run around city officials in order to obtain additional goodies from the state—a practice known in the trade as "double dipping" or "taking a second bite of the apple." A classic case of a successful end run saw the New York legislature, at the behest of then governor Nelson Rockefeller, grant New York City sanitation workers a hefty pension after 20 years of service. Although Rockefeller is a Republican, he courted the labor vote. He often got it, and in deals like the sanitation pension, he left New York City to pay the bill.

Further, both sides agree that the level of professionalism in municipal labor relations is painfully low. Jerry Wurf says, "There are a lot of guys making Edsels in the public sector"; and Victor Gotbaum, the head of New York City's AFSCME District 37, calls local government "one of the most mismanaged institutions in the U.S." Alan Beals of the National League of Cities admits that "too often cities fail to have their houses in order with the necessary expertise and good guidelines."

The unions, however, are not always superior in this respect. New York City's Patrolmen's Benevolent Association is notorious for its lack of leadership, which has led to squabbling within the association ranks and, last fall, to riotous protests over changes in police work schedules and the city's refusal to meet pay demands. In a spectacle that even hardened New Yorkers found hard to accept, New York's "finest" stood by while young punks attacked and robbed people at public gatherings; the cops then resisted arrest themselves and even attacked their fellow officers.

ON THE controversial question of pensions, Jerry Wurf insists that pensions for the vast majority of public employees remain either modest or downright inadequate. And AFSCME's William Hamilton points out that early pensions for police and firemen resulted not from union pressure but from a long-ago decision by city fathers not to have sixty-year-olds walking the beat or fighting a fire—for their good as well as the good of the citizenry. Thoughtful observers agree that, political temptations aside, neither union nor management has realistically projected the costs of huge pension agreements. That certainly seems to have been the case in Oakland, where actuaries last year calculated that the city would have to contribute 200 percent of its firemen's salaries in order to fund their pension plan.

More basically, Wurf blames the unwillingness of states to enact sharply progressive income taxes for the benefit of their cities. "Budget-cutting and firing workers without relation to social needs is not the answer," he says. "It's Billy-the-Kiddish. They ought to deal with the tax mechanisms, with who pays how much for what services."

They—governors and legislatures—resist doing that because it is bad politics, especially in this time of animosity toward the city and indifference to its problems. Unless Jimmy Carter proves even more sympathetic to them than big-city mayors expect, the cities of America are going to be left substantially to their own resources. Finger-pointing politicians call that "living within one's means," a pious phrase that ignores the disproportionate share of national

burdens that the cities must bear. It is cruelly ironic that as these burdens mount, America's cities have ever fewer resources for withstanding them. Caught in this fiscal meat grinder are the cities' employees.

Aren't the employees and their unions partly to blame for their current plight? They are. Because they started late and low, and because they instinctively obeyed Samuel Gompers's labor dictum of "more," the public-employee unions plunged into municipal treasuries like a starved man whose only thought is to eat as much as he can swallow. When they met resistance on wages, they pushed up their "bennies"—benefits—in maneuvers costly to the public but too complicated for it to understand. Although strikes were forbidden by law, they struck whenever necessary. Again because it was bad politics, public officials rarely applied the law and put the union leaders in jail or imposed heavy fines.

The public-employee unions have had important advantages. City officials have seldom been willing to "take a strike" because of the disruptions and political fallout a strike by city workers can produce. Further, municipal government can operate at a deficit, and officials granting raises do not have to pay for them during their own terms of office; "settle now–pay later" has been the rule in some cities.

Perhaps most important, municipal labor relations have been inextricably tied to elective politics. If the workers at American Motors don't get a raise, they can't vote the company president out of office. Nor can they prevent him from moving up to being president of Ford by branding him "anti-labor." But public employees, joined with family and friends in a politically cohesive force, can and do exercise that kind of clout, in contributions as well as at the ballot box. The United Federation of Teachers is widely credited with having elected both New York City mayor Abraham Beame and Governor Hugh Carey of New York—and the UFT's present difficulties are a surprise to politicians who



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Martin A. Levick/Black Star

wonder why Beame and Carey aren't taking better care of the union. The fact that they aren't demonstrates the dangerous reverse side of playing municipal politics. Elected officials gauge the pressures from all sides and react accordingly; Beame and Carey have decided that the demands of the UFT must for the present give way to the demands of the general public.

Politics has always had too great an influence on the municipal labor process. In the old days, police and firemen's associations dealt with city officials as though they were all members of the same ward organization. San Francisco's recent labor troubles stem largely from the fact that, for decades, the board of supervisors set wage and benefit scales through informal conversations about what the city could afford rather than through businesslike bargaining; in San Francisco, a "union town," that seemed like smart politics. Until recently, southern city officials, even in progressive Atlanta, left the pay of sanitation workers scandalously low simply because the workers were politically powerless blacks.

In a different political setting, New York of the 1960s, Mayor John Lindsay oriented his labor relations to the blacks and Puerto Ricans who had helped elect him and who were then becoming a large part of the city's non-uniformed work force. And AFSCME's District 37, which won the right to bargain for the vast majority of those new employees, has been a formidable factor in New York City politics ever since then. "Everything Thirty-seven does is keyed to politics," says a New York labor leader. But the political dealings of AFSCME locals are obscured by the national union's strong statements on major public issues.

Although politics can never be erased from any municipal undertaking, there are ways to reduce political influence and establish a sensible procedure for labor relations. Municipal unions should realize that the "more" approach has reached its limit, as the sophisticated among them now realize that the crudest forms of disrupting public services do their cause more harm than good. The current anti-union backlash may at least drive home the fundamental truth that public employees need the goodwill of their community and must expect to prosper and wane along with that community.

Elected officials, for their part, can resist the temptation to play personal politics with every labor dispute that comes along. A mayor need not cave in to heavy pressures from a union nor "back end" a settlement so that his successors—rather than he—will have to pay for it. He can put his case to the public, thereby forcing the union to justify its demands and conditioning the public to accept a strike if one occurs. Observers on both sides of last year's San Francisco strike agree that the key to the city government's victory was public willingness to suffer a strike in order to curb what it felt to be an excess of union power. That definitely was the key in Seattle, where Mayor Wes Uhlman rode out a 104-day strike by utility linemen—and settled it in 1976 by giving the strikers less than they'd been offered at the outset.

The mechanics of municipal labor relations can also be placed on a more rational basis. Collective bargaining in one form or another is the only workable procedure. States that forbid bargaining and cities that dodge it will wind up with larger problems than the ones they're trying to avoid. Strikes should not be illegal except for public-safety and -health employees, and not even for them unless their private-sector counterparts—employees of private hospitals, for instance—are also forbidden to strike. The best procedure may be what Jerry Wurf calls "voluntary arbitration," under which unresolved issues, and only those, are submitted to an impartial third party. Whatever the procedure is, it probably should be conducted in full public view, as Kansas City recently began doing after 32 years of closed-door hearings.

"Increased productivity," a much touted solution, is too often a public-relations gimmick having no real impact on the problems. Unions should instead be encouraged to come up with ways to save the city money on manpower. In Santa Clara County, California, Local 715 of the Service Employees International Union has done just that, convincing county officials that hundreds of the employees whom the union represents can get the job done by working up to 20 percent fewer hours—for up to 20 percent less pay. Local 715 also has recommended against hiring—or retaining—employees it feels are not essential to the county government.

A. H. Raskin, veteran labor analyst of *The New York Times*, observes that even collective bargaining is valuable "only as long as both sides want it to work." Raskin adds that in New York and many other cities so-called bargaining now simply means unions trying to keep the status quo or give up as little as possible. That should be a temporary situation, lasting until the cities return to something like fiscal stability. When they do, it will be time for municipal unions and municipal officials to approach each other openly and professionally, bearing in mind the interests of the communities they are supposed to serve. ◉



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# Playing the Queen

**Majesty: Elizabeth II and the House of Windsor**
*by Robert Lacey*
*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,*
*349 pp., $12.95*

Reviewed by Edward Lucie-Smith

ROBERT LACEY's biography of Queen Elizabeth II, *Majesty*, should become one of the certain major best sellers of 1977—not merely because this is the queen's silver-jubilee year, which will make her more than ever the focus of public attention, but also because books about the English royals have always sold like the proverbial hot cakes. Here is one that has many advantages: it is temperate, literate, and even to a certain extent authorized (which suggests that it may also be accurate). This reviewer may, therefore, seem both envious and ungrateful when he says that it tends to be less like a hot cake than like a doughnut—that is, it consists of a great deal of fairly edible stodge with a hole in the middle; it leaves the personality of the queen undefined.

English royalty is many things to many people, but chiefly it is a screen upon which they can project their own fantasies. The suburban housewife sees the queen's existence as being like her own, only raised to a significantly higher sphere. Willie Hamilton, a left-wing Labour M.P., sees her as the emblem of an outmoded class system, and in 1975 he published a book to prove it. Winston Churchill treated her as a fairy princess. Harold Macmillan, even though the monarch was so much younger than himself, thought of her as a soothing, sensible Scottish nanny. Some members of the aristocracy regard the queen and her husband as being common and have nicknamed them Brenda and Keith. (The queen's younger sister, Princess Margaret, is referred to as Yvonne.) Of course, when you've lost your ancestral estates, it's comforting to feel superior to royalty. But this shadow play of wishes and desires successfully hides the face of the woman herself, and, for their part, she and the officials who surround her do everything they can to preserve the enigma, in the name of privacy.

Precisely because of the amount of help he has had from courtiers, royal officials, and friends of the royal family, Robert Lacey has been more or less compelled to fall in with this pattern. He is frank, sometimes harsh, in his assessments of other members of the clan—the Duke of Windsor in particular—but where his main subject is concerned, he plays an elaborate game of "now you see it, now you don't." One feels, as one reads his book, that Lacey finds the queen's character very elusive and can't make up his mind whether she is too alien to be fully understood or else too utterly commonplace to be worth understanding. He constantly emphasizes the extreme isolation in which she was brought up, thanks to the Second World War. But is she strange, or is she simply dull? Lacey doesn't want to admit the second alternative, even to himself (though clearly he feels it may be true). Certainly, ever since William IV—and perhaps since George I—the right to bore has been an unofficial prerogative of British royalty, more tenaciously maintained than some of its constitutional rights. Still, that does not necessarily mean that Elizabeth II is a dullard.

But what is the queen really like? The answer to this question must be divided into two parts, for she clearly leads not one existence, but two. One is the life of an idol, and the other is the life of a nonrepresentative individual. Anyone who comes into contact with the monarch in her ceremonial aspect must surely be impressed by the extreme efficiency with which the whole business is managed. Itineraries are completed to the split second, the right hands are shaken, the right names remembered. If the occasion calls for it, the right jokes are made—Prince

*Edward Lucie-Smith, a poet and art critic, is the author of a highly praised biography of Joan of Arc.*

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**The making of a queen. Above, Princess Elizabeth goes out for a ride with her nurse (1927). Continuing clockwise, the eight-year-old princess walks to Westminster Abbey with her grandparents, King George V and Queen Mary (1934). Eleven years later, in the closing days of World War II, she gets training in vehicle maintenance. On March 7, 1952, the new queen returns to London after the death of her father, King George VI. The photo below shows Elizabeth II on a recent visit to Finland.**

Keystone

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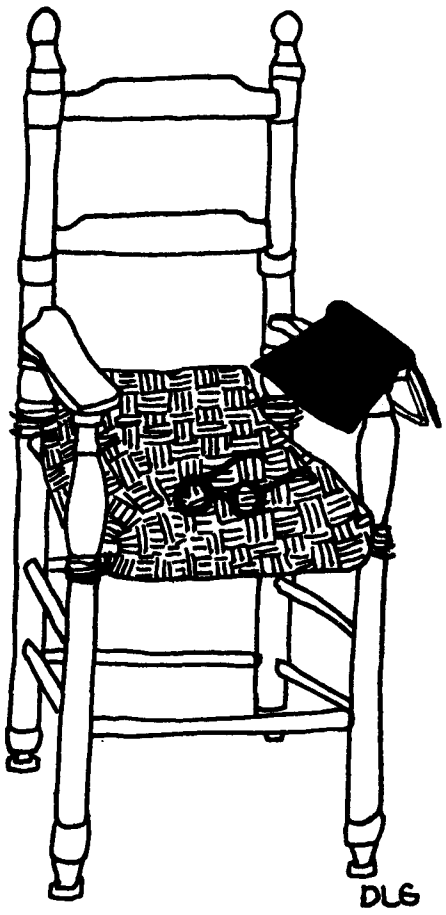
Philip and Prince Charles are perhaps slightly more expert at this than is the queen herself. A state banquet, the monarch's grandest form of hospitality, goes off with a ceremonial smoothness that has nothing to do with giving enjoyment to the guests and everything to do with the fulfillment of a ritual that is entirely self-sufficient and has no purpose other than its own completion. Eminent statesmen take their places by the sides of elegant Japanese ladies, with whom they cannot converse (for the simple reason that they have no language in common), and five courses are served, two on gold plate and three on eighteenth-century Sèvres porcelain. The little booklet handed to guests as they arrive tells them not only what they are going to eat, but also what they will eat it off. No matter that the fare is mediocre and the plates are whipped away almost as soon as they have appeared—the royal rule is that no meal should take longer than an hour. Soon the pipers are parading behind the chairs, bursting their lungs and deafening the diners, and royalty has once again achieved a kind of catharsis through the mundane agency of food and drink.

YET there is also the queen who sits in her office every day and sees all important documents, telegrams, and letters, and whose principal remaining right is the right to be informed. Queen Elizabeth II does not take that right lightly. The most serious chapter in Lacey's book, and to me the best and most interesting, is the one he devotes to the operation of the royal prerogative, particularly as this applied historically to two changes of prime ministers—the replacement of Sir Anthony Eden by Harold Macmillan, and the replacement of Macmillan by Sir Alec Douglas-Home. In both cases, the monarchy attracted criticism, and even Lacey (who seldom ventures a harsh word about his subject) feels that the queen was at fault for allowing people to think that in the choice of Macmillan over R. A. Butler as Eden's successor she had been manipulated by the Tory elder statesman Lord Salisbury. Yet if some blame does attach to her, then much more belongs to the Tory party of the time for its insistence that a leader must "emerge" from its inner circles rather than be elected by the rank and file. Lacey's recounting of these two major governmental crises of the Fifties shows that the Tories still had a romantically unrealistic view of the monarchy as an institution and somehow expected it to solve problems that were really their own responsibility. Indeed, I suspect that the monarchy is always more in danger from a right-wing government than from a left-wing one, for it is the right wing that longs for the occupant of the throne to make dramatic gestures.

Does the British monarch, then, have any power at all? The answer to this must be a more resounding yes than most people would imagine. The source of Queen Elizabeth II's influence easily escapes notice because it is so plainly in view. A queen who has reigned for twenty-five years—and who has plowed her way through the vast mass of documentation that has been put before her in that period—must necessarily be the best-informed person in British politics. And no one has ever doubted Elizabeth II's conscientiousness. Sir Harold Wilson has recorded ruefully the cross-examination that she put him through when he first went as prime minister to have an audience with her. After a quarter-century, then, the queen has a continuity of political experience that no one else can begin to rival; and added to this the sheer bulk of information she has by now stored in what all observers admit to be an excellent memory. A good psychological rule of thumb is that people don't remember things unless they are deeply interested in them, and the queen is indeed deeply interested in politics, perhaps as much so as the most ambitious of those who struggle for power in what is still officially her own Palace of Westminster.




The trouble is, of course, that the idea of a powerful monarch is something that the British—and especially the ruling class, whether recruited from a stately home or a miner's cottage—find alarming. So the facts must be swaddled in as many layers of cotton wool as we can find, and we must all enter into a conspiracy to see the queen as a horse-loving, corgi-owning country lady, not blessed with too many brains. It seems to me that all the evidence points the other way. If she seems dull to some people, it is because she is deeply serious about her work (a point that Lacey overlooks), having inherited that seriousness from a long line of Teutonic ancestors. Though they are both descended from Prince Albert, it is she rather than her husband, Prince Philip, who in temperament resembles Queen Victoria's prince consort. If Elizabeth had been Nehru's daughter rather than George VI's, it is likely that she would have done as well (and arguably been as ruthless) as Indira Gandhi.

In the middle Fifties the British monarchy passed through a kind of crisis that, though its symptoms were largely ridiculous, did reflect a genuine ferment in people's minds. Lord Altrincham accused the queen of lacking personality and got his face slapped in front of television cameras; Malcolm Muggeridge wrote an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* about what he called the "Royal soap opera . . . a sort of substitute or ersatz religion" and was banned in consequence from the BBC. Altrincham, now plain John Grigg, blames the rumpus on the "Shintoistic atmosphere of the post-coronation period." But it was also an echo of the then rampant revolt against the so-called Establishment in Britain, a revolt summed up in the plays and novels of the literary "angry young men." When words like "maturity" and "commitment" were bandied about, as they often were in those days, no one thought of applying them to the monarch. How ironic that, when one thinks of her now, they are precisely the words that come to mind. One has only to look at the troubles dogging the Dutch royal house to realize that Elizabeth II is as schooled and professional a queen as Georg Solti is a conductor. We need not always love those who are so thoroughly in command of what they do, but it is ungenerous not to admire them. ◉



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# Grace Under Pressure

**A Book of Common Prayer**
*by Joan Didion*
*Simon & Schuster, 272 pp., $8.95*

Reviewed by Frederic Raphael

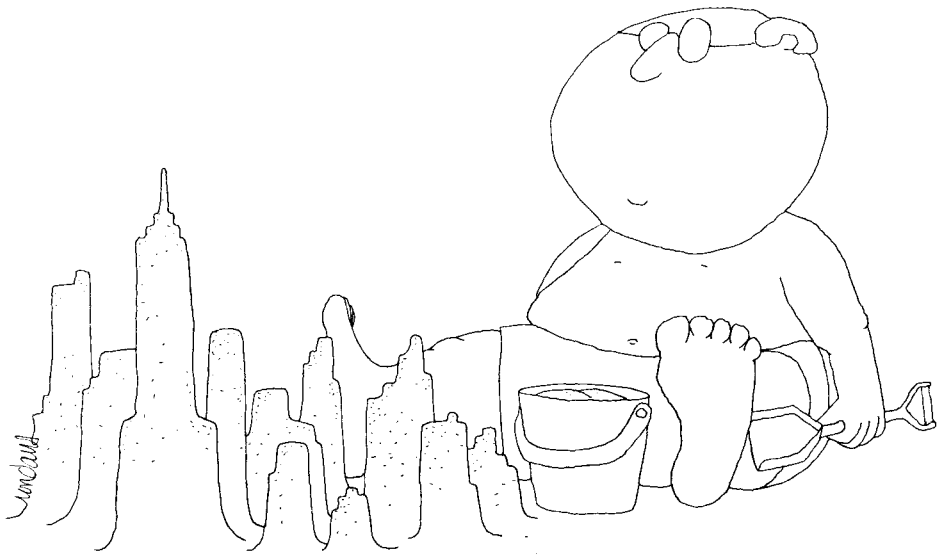
*It looks very easy.*
*The way Joan Didion writes.*
*So easy you may think anyone could do it.*
*She does it well though. Which is not so easy.*
*There is always the risk she may overdo it.*
*And sometimes she does.*
*But not too often.*

THERE are two women this time, Grace and Charlotte—at the end of quite different tethers. One is dying, the other already dead, when the novel begins. Not a happy book, then; a book instinct with death and with disillusion. Disillusion about life and about the possibility of ever observing it truly. The dying lady (cancer of the pancreas) is Grace Strasser-Mendana, née Tabor, and she bears witness, as putative authoress, to the death of the other (bullet in the back, silly quixotic lady), Charlotte Douglas, nay Bogart (more on that later). Grace is a scientist (worked with Lévi-Strauss), an unlikely widow and heir for an equatorial American *jefe* whose family continues to play turn and turnabout with the government of Boca Grande (la República de), the family business, after he's gone. The republic runs at a loss—just look at the rotting mini-Brasília and the highway that doesn't go anywhere—but the family doesn't: it just runs when trouble threatens and returns when it has passed. The Strasser-Mendanas play musical chairs with the presidency and the ministry of defense, while guerrilla machine guns (supplied by the family on a franchise basis) provide the ugly, staccato music. When it stops, the survivors install themselves again on the nearest seats of power. As in Thomas Mann's *The Holy Sinner*, only extras actually get themselves killed, though Grace's brother-in-law, Luis, is on one occasion so slow in absenting himself for diplomatic medical treatment that he dies on the palace steps from an acute attack of bullets. There is, however, the next generation of *machos* ready to keep the game alive.

Trust the *gratin* of a bankrupt republic to lead an elegant life. Swiss bank accounts and the CIA will always take care of that. And our rendezvous is strictly with the "A" list, bodyguarded and cosseted (no cholera for *them*), amongst whom Charlotte Douglas, the *norteamericana*, moves like a sleepwalker who has wandered into the wrong nightmare. What is this skinny, expensively accoutered, yet somehow uncomfortable lady doing in Boca Grande? In a world of plots, she lacks a convincing story line: a dangerous situation indeed. In Charlotte's artlessness Joan Didion's art finds its target.

Grace, also a foreigner—but never so foreign as Charlotte's condescending innocence makes her seem—watches, amazed and nervelessly scandalized, as the newcomer seeks to change the unchangeable, to make of Boca Grande the kind of exciting copy *The New Yorker* might like to publish. Charlotte dreams of turning the place into a new Acapulco, famous with film festival and fancy folklore. How can it fail to respond to a lick of paint? Charlotte—middle-aged, middle-class, middle-American—imagines that everyone will see her kind of sense. There used to be so many of her that she cannot perceive that she is now unique, the last of a legion of dodoes. She remains as brave as Tennessee Williams's heroines used to be brave: how well Vivien Leigh would have conveyed her febrile, ladylike character! Burdened with an ardent, even insatiable sexuality, she finds that sex comes nowhere near her true desires. Her scapegrace ex-husband, Warren Bogart, an academic who never could get tenure, tells her she likes it more than any woman he has ever known, and he has known a few; but he is just one more of those who have mistaken her anguish for availability, her dismay for appetite. Who, apart from Jean Rhys, has conveyed more ably than Didion the frail appeal of the emotional starveling?

GRACE claims to see Charlotte scientifically, as the very instance of delusion. "Unlike her," she says, "I do not dream my life." Yet real enough things do happen to poor Charlotte. For example, the Bogarts' eighteen-year-old daughter Marin, who was once Mommy's sweet little girl, has precipitated Charlotte's disintegration—assuming Charlotte had ever really got it all together in the first place—by joining a revolutionary group. She and her Red bedfellows have hijacked



*Frederic Raphael has written four screenplays* (Darling, Nothing But the Best, Two for the Road, *and* Far from the Madding Crowd) *and many novels. His* Somerset Maugham and His World *was just published by Scribners.*



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a jet and blown it up on an airfield in Utah. The FBI is not slow to play ferret to the rabid rabbits (they're only kids, for chrissakes) and descends with ponderous and persistent tact on Charlotte's California home, looking for leads. They are soon playing the straight men to Warren's wisecracking. He has turned up from New York, and it isn't long before he has worked his way back into Charlotte's bed, under the sullen but complaisant eyes of Leonard, her second husband, who is an international lawyer with some high diplomatic connections in the arms business. When Charlotte and Warren take off, Leonard lumbers after them, taking the FBI men's place as butt for Warren's wit (he calls him "Jew" all the time; he's funny *that* way) and watching his rival play stud to both his wife and any passing small-town talent. In the end, he has to bury the guy, too: another cancer victim. Warren was always too good to last.

As the doomed trio play tag around southern motels, Charlotte and Warren couple without rapture and—whatever the sales talk—without the tenderness of memory or hope. He makes her do it with his chicks. When she says she doesn't like to, he says she does too. Does she really like *any* of it? Do any of Didion's women? Their very orgasms are an aspect of desolation: pleasure is nature's last dirty trick. Perhaps their postcoital blues are but the shadow of postnatal depression: orgasms, like children, seem to fulfill you, but leave you even emptier than before. And Charlotte isn't spared some *real* postnatal blues, for that matter: she produces a hydrocephalic baby while on her awful travels, and she hauls it around until it dies, in Mérida, Yucatán. (This girl gets very few breaks.)The death of the infant is done with a masterly blend of pity and terseness. The poor creature seizes up and stops, like a cheap gadget. It was never going to work, and its mother knows it: the wound is not, therefore, too deep; it will merely never heal. It is from Mérida that Charlotte flies to Boca Grande, where she hovers like a moth that has found its flame.

As I unpack and unpick this deceptively short book, I find that I have more and more respect for its author's skill. The habit of synopsizing is common enough to be excusable in a reviewer, I hope, but a synopsis is to art as gossip is to experience: it cheapens and it alienates. Grace, the narrator, recognizes how every description distances us from the reality it

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## "A myth of fragility concealing a tough core"

THERE has been a lot of nonsense written about the alleged "fragility" of Joan Didion. She is not very tall, and she has a soft voice and is slightly enigmatic. But she is resilient enough to have survived both the fast-paced life of a magazine free-lancer (*Saturday Evening Post*, *Life*, and *Esquire*) and the abrasive world of Hollywood (*Panic in Needle Park*, *Play It as It Lays*, and *A Star Is Born*). She is a fifth-generation Californian whose ancestors split off from the Donner party before it made history the hard way. She has inherited the toughness of a survivor.

I suppose some people have this impression of Didion's fragility because she had the courage to write candidly and sensitively in a celebrated *Life* magazine column about her contemplated divorce from author John Gregory Dunne. Then, too, Maria Wyeth, the central character in her novel *Play It as It Lays*, is so frazzled by the world that she zooms along freeways screaming—all the way to the funny farm. But Didion did not succumb to divorce and bears little resemblance to the anti-heroine of that novel—which is something she would like her readers to get straight.

"Although *A Book of Common Prayer* is written in the first person, I doubt," Didion observed ironically not long ago, "that anyone will identify me with the narrator, since she's an old woman who has spent much of her life working as an anthropologist in South America. The novel had its origin during a flight my husband and I took in 1973 to a film festival in Cartagena, Colombia. We stopped in the Panama airport for an hour, and my experience of that airport was very vivid, super-real. I could see the opening scene of a woman having a contretemps with the waitress in the coffee shop about boiling her water twenty minutes for a cup of tea. I started to think about what she was doing there, and the novel began to unfold.

"This was a hard book to write because of the technical problems," the author confessed. "The narrator was not present during most of the events she's telling you about. And her only source is a woman incapable of seeing the truth. It was difficult to make that work."

Didion illustrated just how hard the book had been to write by taking me to her study, where two large cardboard file drawers were filled with notes, false starts, and idea fragments. A map of Central America with the phrase "A SURFACE LIKE RAINBOW SLICK" scotch-taped to it leaned against the wall. "I kept that phrase there by the map to remind me of the texture I was trying to maintain in this novel," Didion observed. "I like to surround myself with stuff I am working on. I pin the pages of a novel in progress all over the walls of the room I'm working in. I like to see the actual size of the chapters. Sometimes I'll pin up a newspaper photograph if it contains an image I'm trying to capture."

Didion's study revealed no hints of the nonfiction project that she says will be her next book. "John will be finishing his novel very soon. Then we're committed to do a screenplay together. Writing a picture is refreshing—you're dealing with people and are out in the world. It's a good active way to spend the interim between books. You don't have the ego investment in a screenplay. Even if they shoot every word you write, the story is filtered through the sensibilities of the director, the actors, and others. Screenwriting is more like making notes than writing." I wondered aloud whether her comments applied to Jon Peters and Barbra Streisand's *A Star Is Born*, for which the Dunnes receive screen credit. "We get screen credit because the initial conception, the construction, belongs to us," Didion responded. "But no picture belongs to anybody."

As I drove back from the remote Trancas beach near the Ventura County line where the Dunnes live, back past the fashionable Malibu colony and toward the lights of Santa Monica shimmering across the bay, I thought that Joan Didion was more than *slightly* enigmatic. This native Californian with a Sacramento delta twang who is lionized in New York literary circles; this novelist of philosophical ironies who writes Hollywood blockbuster films; a myth of fragility concealing a tough core. Raymond Chandler must have written her. —DIGBY DIEHL



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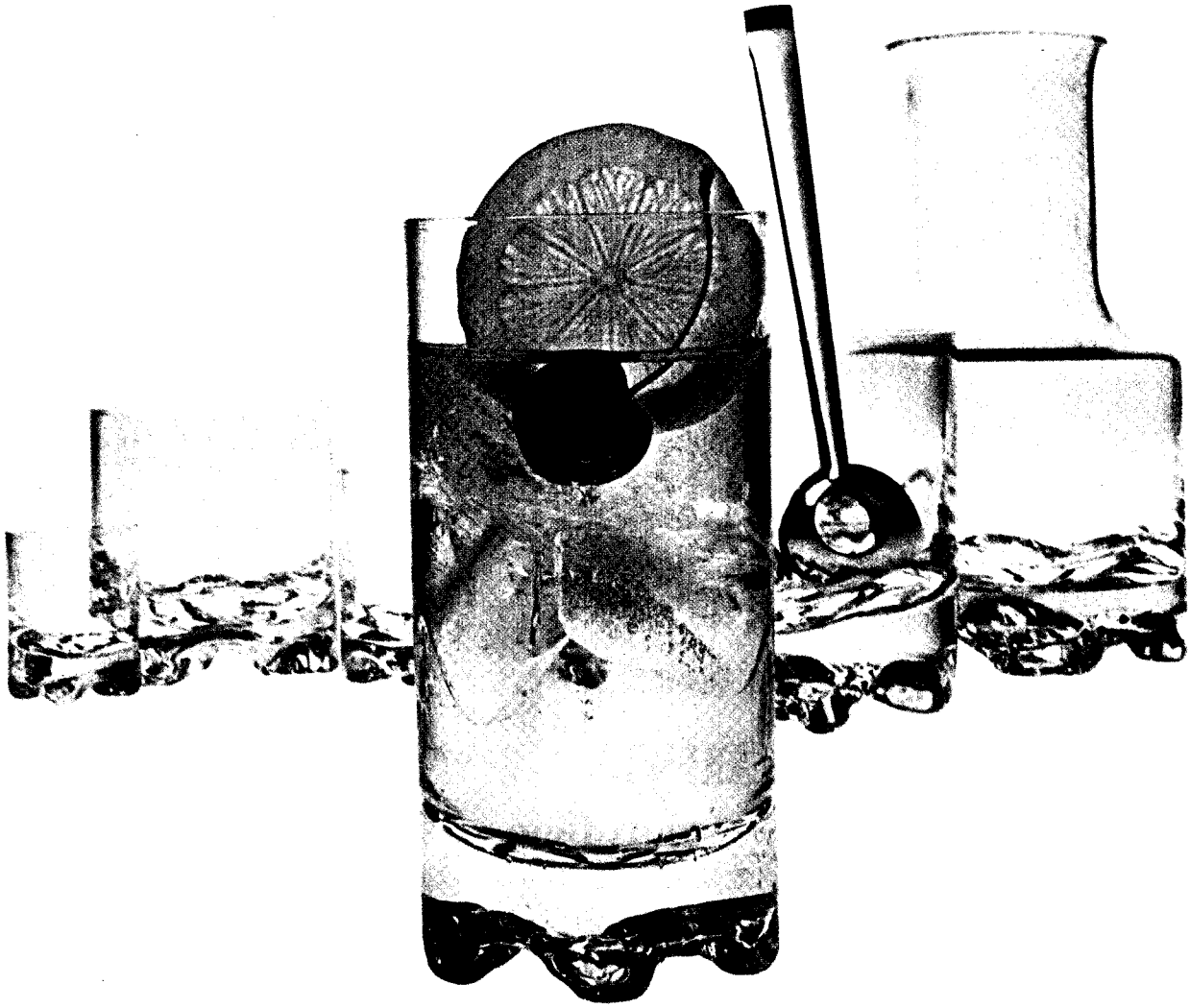

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purports to pinpoint: her version of Charlotte's story is an antidote, as it were, to the pervasive poison of scientific notations. Despite the myth of the dispassionate Man in the White Coat, one cannot describe without involvement, without commitment. False writing is false witness: it pollutes the society that buys it. Wittgenstein saw all this, of course, some time ago, when he declared that the philosopher could and should say nothing about the really vital areas of life. It was not because ethics and art were without importance that he warned off the logician from speaking about them; it was because they were beyond his competence. Grace appears to debunk Charlotte, to expose her pathetic delusions, but the tenderness she brings to bear on the case serves to redeem the other woman—until she becomes an instance of a sort of gallant particularity for which no science can ever account.

No one, I suppose, would be likely to accuse Didion of naïveté. Her work is pungent with knowingness. She is a smart lady. Tread on her toes and she'll do more than speak your weight. I think she might be a female cousin, at some remove, of Ernest Hemingway, whose style was, as first-year students may recall, all about grace under pressure. Yet is there not, perhaps, a certain naïveté under all her sophistication? By naïveté here I mean a saving hope—against hope—that it is still possible, for no good reason, to behave well, and that it is worthwhile noticing such behavior. It is that kind of naïveté that arms Didion's cool contempt, but prevents its coolness from icing into frigidity. Under her pared phrases one senses the quick of desire for something more noble, more tender, and more enduring than crass contemporary "realism": she sees the shallows, she longs for the depths. How her work conveys this sense of tragic regret I cannot quite say, but that is exactly why she is an artist. I hope that she will learn to avoid the flip, the parading of pedantries ("sociopath" is dreadful clinical jargon), and the tendency to light trails of sparks in order to draw our admiration to what we already admire. If she is true to her gift, she will avoid this kind of self-parody:

"One for me.
"One for Charlotte.
"In other words.
"All the markers were on the board."

*She is too good for that.*
*What is the relevance of her title?*
*I missed it.*
*But I didn't miss her quality.*
*Which is what matters.* ◉

# Books

# A Life on the Bench

**Hugo Black and the Judicial Revolution**
*by Gerald T. Dunne*
*Simon & Schuster, 357 pp., $11.95*

Reviewed by Martin Mayer

HUGO BLACK was surely among the most fortunate of men. His inherited muscle and sinew gave him an active and significant life—complete with tennis—into his eighties. He was blessed with two happy marriages, and the bereavement between them was solaced by the attendance of a loving, respectful, and unmarried daughter. In his youth, he had the cast of mind that successfully takes from books whatever it needs at the moment, and he had also the requisite love of reading. His populist politics were rewarded on his entry to the Senate, in 1927, with the emergence of a perfect target: the public-utility holding companies. As a Supreme Court Justice—Roosevelt's first and most surprising selection for that bench—he enjoyed a courteous self-righteousness that made decision easy; and he gained from the opposition of the distinguished and subtle minds (particularly those of Jackson and Frankfurter) that forced from him more precise statements of his principles than he might otherwise have formulated. Now he has the luck of being the subject of an affectionate and graceful, yet scholarly biography that will long be required reading for anyone interested in the declining years of the New Deal or the formative period of the Warren Court.

Dunne is a professor at the St. Louis University School of Law and was for some years general counsel of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, a good place to learn about the ways of the heretic (the St. Louis Fed was traditionally the great dissenter to American monetary policy), and about the paths of historical study as well. The latter because Bray Hammond was secretary to the board of governors of the Fed through the twenty years of his work on a lovingly detailed, Pulitzer prize-winning history of American banks and politics before the Civil War. Dunne's first biography, published while he was still at the bank, was that of Justice Joseph Story, the leading influence on the Supreme

*Martin Mayer's most recent book is* The Bankers.

*Hugo Black—"The fierce intellectual pride of a self-educated man."*

Wide World

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Court through much of Hammond's period of expertise.

Thanks to his own long immersion in commercial problems, Dunne understands as do few others who have written about the Court that the Justices spend much of their thought and their time on questions relating to property, which the Constitution and the Bill of Rights protect as firmly as they protect liberty. Thus he can see Black's judicial career in the round and deal fairly with the old man's recoil from the civil-rights movement, when its spokesmen demanded First Amendment protection for acts of interference with other people's quiet enjoyment of private or public facilities. Black's First Amendment absolutism, as Dunne points out, recognized a geographical limitation on free speech: he was damned, he once said, if he would let somebody come barging into his own living room to harangue him about Supreme Court decisions.

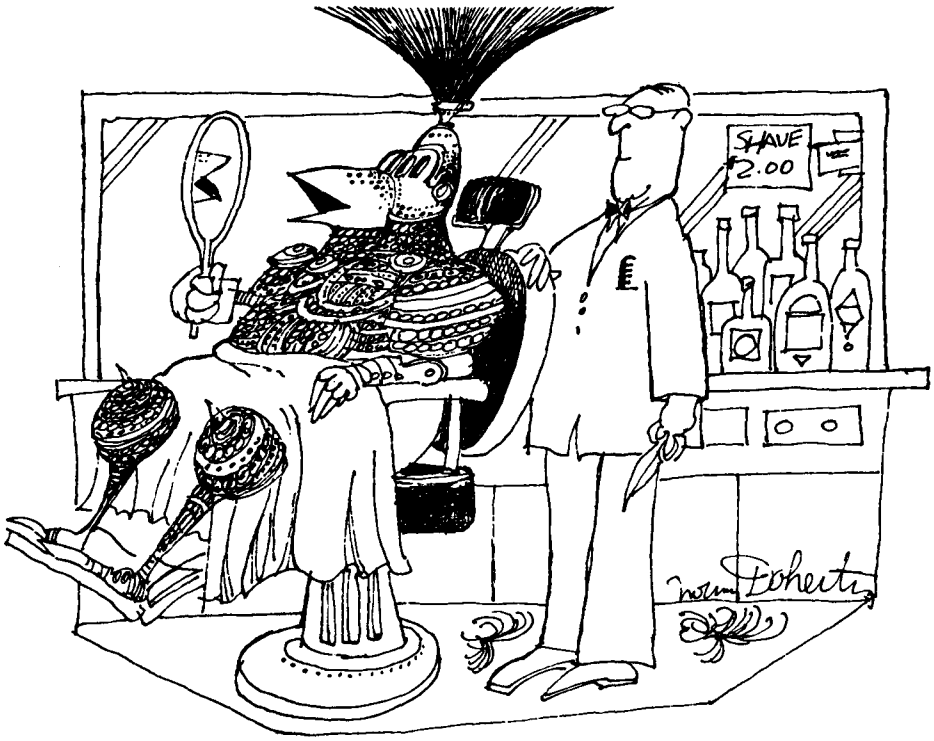
Even more important from the reader's point of view is Dunne's gift for historical and cultural insights. Explaining the affinity of Black and Douglas, for example, he notes that both were "exiles in the mode of the famous Joyce play. . . . And both were willing to undertake the lonely and hazardous business of trying to shape . . . the conscience of a race." In a discussion of the Frankfurter–Black relationship, Dunne shrewdly notes that "Black moved up when he went on the Court, but Frankfurter stepped down"—for as a law professor, Frankfurter had daily sat in judgment on the Court's decisions. Explaining the bitterness of the Court's internal controversies in the 1940s, Dunne notes as the factor "perhaps most important of all, the fierce intellectual pride of self-made and self-educated men."

Black did not encourage invasions of his privacy, and Dunne, in any event, has no interest in any kind of psychobiographical inquiry not directly related to the public performance of his subject. Nor is he disposed to find excuses for elements of that performance that are not to his taste. Black's badgering of witnesses when he was chairman of a Senate committee provoked from Walter Lippmann what Dunne calls the "prophetic" comment that "when lawlessness is approved for supposedly good ends, it will be used even more viciously for bad ones." Moreover, the deception that was practiced on the Senate to conceal Black's earlier membership in the Ku Klux Klan has a familiar and ugly ring these days, and the radio broadcast that the newly confirmed Justice made in response to the "investigative reporting" that brought out the truth raises disturbing echoes of the careers of Richard Nixon and Edward Kennedy. For Dunne, however, the fact that Black was once a member of the Klan is overshadowed, under the eye of eternity, by Thurgood Marshall's decision to have Black administer the oath by which he was sworn in as the first black Justice on the Court. Dunne has emerged from his study of Black's character and career with a deep liking for the man, which helps him to dispose of the incidents effectively.

The importance of Black's career lies, of course, in the role he played in what Dunne, following A. A. Berle, calls "the judicial revolution." In presenting the story of that revolution, Dunne is scrupulously fair to all the participants, and it is only where the Court was unanimous—especially in the school-segregation cases (where Dunne analyzes, as far as I know for the first time, the superbly human evolution of that unanimity)—that he allows himself more than tangential expression of his own enthusiasms and beliefs.

DUNNE'S insistence that everyone who sat on the Court during the "revolutionary era" is entitled to his own version of events makes much more interesting and convincing history than could have been achieved by advocacy. Only once—when dealing with Black's embarrassing insistence that the Thirty-ninth Congress intended to write the Bill of Rights into the Fourteenth Amendment—does Dunne fudge his case at all; and even here all the facts are in the book, for those who aren't already familiar with the story. And perhaps Dunne had no choice, for in the end, Black's footnote to the *Adamson* decision is simply inexplicable. It is a piece of paper in a world of people, and Dunne's achievement is that he has shown all these pieces of paper we call court decisions in terms of the people who wrote them and what they thought they were doing.

*Hugo Black and the Judicial Revolution* is clearly the work of a scholar and writer at the top of his powers, smoothly blending the commentaries of the daily papers, *The New Republic*, and the law journals with the Court's rulings and dicta, the diaries of political and legal figures, and the background knowledge—what we used to call in the education racket the apperceptive mass—of a profoundly accomplished historian. Moreover, it has a depth of feeling by no means indicated by its title. A popular book from a publisher of popular books, it is also a work of which one can say that the more you know, the more you will learn from it. By dealing scrupulously with both Justice Black and his antagonists, moreover, Dunne has placed this traditional yet unconventional American in a historical mainstream from which no subsequent revisionism is ever likely to dislodge him. ◉




*"Just a little more off the top, please."*



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# Books

## Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out

**The Plug-In Drug**
*by Marie Winn*
*Grossman/Viking, 192 pp., $8.95*

Reviewed by Bruce Cook

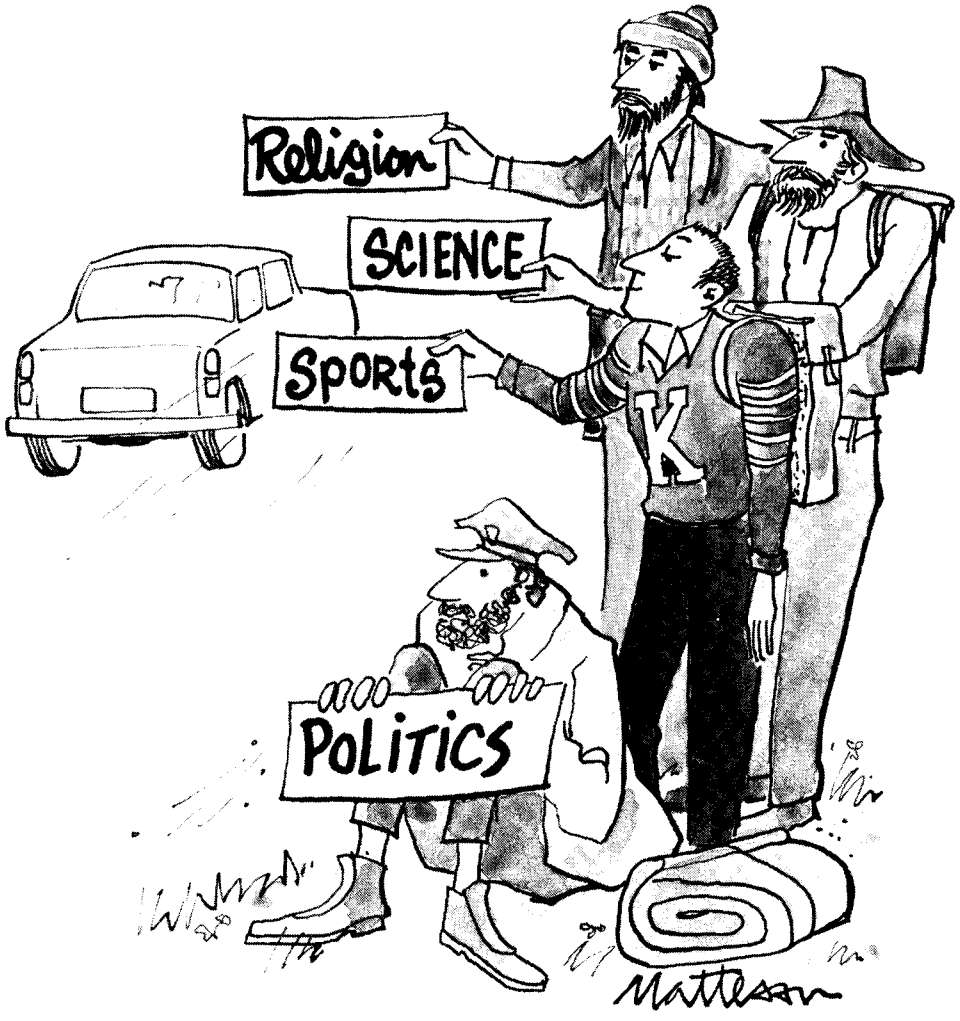
MARIE WINN's 200-odd-page tirade against television is an interesting, though extreme, statement about conditions every parent will recognize as real enough. When she describes the "trancelike nature" of children's television-watching, we can recall having seen it in our own kids. When she quotes the stalling "Just let me see the end of this show," we glumly ask ourselves how many times we have heard that one before. In fact, she plays so skillfully on parents' guilt about the viewing habits of their children that she could easily have made a persuasive case against television altogether—if she had just restrained herself from blaming the tube for everything from the steady decline in college board scores to the disintegration of the American family.

Television is a drug to children, Winn argues in her bluntly titled book, and when they are tuned into it, as is the case with any downer, they are reduced to a passive, somewhat depersonalized state. She goes on: "The curious thing is that none of this has much to do with *what* children watch on television, the usual concern of parents and educators. It is the fact that they *watch* that is significant. For if television can be a 'trip,' then perhaps, like the drug experience, it can become an addiction as well."

Her analogy is arresting, if somewhat inaccurate, for who has ever heard of an addict who willingly kicks his habit (or even reduces it) when it begins to interfere with his social life? But invariably, that is what happens when most children of the television generation hit junior and senior high school. By the time they are in college many students have reduced their weekly viewing time nearly to zero. Winn herself concedes that television-generation adolescents depend on music "almost to the exclusion of all other art forms." But to her, rock-listening and television-watching are all the same, for both are, she insists, essentially nonverbal activities and therefore to be despised. There is in *The Plug-In Drug* such a relentless prejudice in favor of verbal ability as the only legitimate measure of intelligence that it begins to look a little like a supplementary handbook from the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey.

Toward the end of *The Plug-In Drug*, Winn reviews a whole assortment of schedules and strategies designed to reduce television-watching to a minimum—or, better yet, to cut it out altogether. This, she gives us to understand, will promote reading among the children and encourage greater harmony among all the family members. Well, maybe. But I've yet to see children begin reading on their own and keep it up in a house in which there were not a lot of books around or in one where a routine of frequent trips to the library had not already been established—in other words, in a house where the parents themselves did not also read.

AS FOR doing without television in the interest of family feeling, well, the author talks about that a lot, and pretty convincingly, too. Yet what she says is based on a vague notion of some golden pre-television yesterday in which extended families cuddled together and gave comfort and warmth to one another, reading widely and pursuing educational hobbies. Winn would have gotten a far more accurate picture of the way things were in pre-television





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America if she had ignored the fictions of those sociologists—like Urie Bronfenbrenner—crusading to bring back the good old days of the extended family, and concentrated instead on the truths of such novelists as Hamlin Garland, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis. What would they have told her? That there *were* no good old days of American family life—before television, before divorce, before women's lib, before all those distractions and disruptions on which Bronfenbrenner and his colleagues lay the blame for the decline of the American family.

IF SHE had asked me, I could have set her straight on the older generation myself. If I told you about my mother's family it would sound to you just like *Little House on the Prairie*—years of farming in Iowa and Nebraska; homesteading out in Montana back when it was still pretty wild; days spent working together in the fields; and nights together, too, reading aloud to one another and telling stories by the fire. And while all of that is true enough, what was the reality behind it? Frustration and hostility, a suicide, and so much bad feeling between parents and children, sisters and brothers, that I am never really sure at any given time just who is speaking to the others and who is not. If that sounds to you curiously like life in Tom Wolfe's "Me Decade" of the Seventies, then things haven't changed as much as Marie Winn thinks, have they?

In *The Plug-In Drug* Winn presents the period just before television—the 1930s and 1940s—as the last glimmer of that golden yesterday:

> Before television the mother of a small child had a great need to develop her child's ability to play by himself for periods. . . . Indeed the heightened attentiveness to children's needs and interests that parents once displayed affected the entire family in a beneficial way. Parents became experts on their children, and the information inevitably enabled them to raise their children more humanely, more effectively.

Are those children today more humane and effective adults than their parents? Not appreciably—and the author must know this herself, for these are the very people whom she is taking to task as the weak, incompetent, duty-shirking parents of the present television generation. Does Winn have any memory or knowledge of the Thirties and Forties? Doesn't she know what people did before television was invented? They listened to the radio.

In a way, the most pernicious thing about this book is its author's wrongheaded insistence that it is not *what* is watched on television but that it is watched *at all* that does the damage to child, to parent, and to family. There is, to her way of thinking, no such thing as good television: "But what *are* the needs that television fulfills? The need for passivity, for self-annihilation, for regression to a state of dependence . . . surely habitual television viewing serves few needs more auspicious than these." And her advice to those concerned about television and its role in society is that they simply throw out the television set and get the family used to living without one. In urging that, this latter-day cultural Luddite is simply asking us to trade what we *can* do—improve the quality of television programming—for what we can't: persuade America to do without television altogether.

After all, why should we do without it? Television is here to stay. Like it or not (and I'm not crazy about the idea myself), it is the stuff that holds our society together—just about all that Grand Junction, Colorado, has in common today with Grand Junction, Tennessee. We use it not just for mindless amusement but also to conduct our most serious business. It elects our Presidents for us and recently even deposed one in midterm. We can try to make it better, but we can't tell it to go away. Would Gutenberg have destroyed his printing press just because a troubadour told him to? ◉

*"Mia has three kids from her first marriage, one from her second, and two from her third. I've got four from my first, one from my second, two from my third, and one from my fourth. For our marriage, Mia and I have decided to cool it."*

**Fraser Young**
**Literary Crypt No. 78**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.* *Answer on page 63.*

Q J A F Q D J N W C
W R I V Y Q V J T J N V F W G
R L X Y C R C Q ' V G Q J D
R V D F I X R I V N P Q
Q Y O V .

—Y. D. XJDY



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# Books in Brief

**Konrad Lorenz: A Biography**
*by Alec Nisbett*
*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 240 pp., $10*

BRITISH scientist and TV film director Alec Nisbett makes good his promise to be "sympathetic yet critical" toward his subject—the famed Austrian observer of geese, jackdaws, dogs, and fish; author of *On Aggression* and other influential books; Nobel laureate; and the father of modern ethology. However, Nisbett's book is so condensed as to be a trifle indigestible, and, in its zeal to incorporate a multiplicity of viewpoints on Konrad Lorenz's character, work, ideas, and influence, it is cautious, at times, to the point of indecisiveness.

Lorenz, now in his seventies and given to dark fears about the possibility of man's genetic decay, has long been a controversial figure. His preference for observation over experiment in his studies of animal behavior and his propensity for inspired hunches (which time may or may not endorse) have laid him open to charges of being insufficiently scientific, while his insistence on innate behavior patterns in animals and man has involved him in sharp duels with the behaviorists. Nevertheless, his warm-blooded approach to animal study makes him an attractive figure, and there's no denying either the innovative force of some of his ideas—especially in regard to "imprinting" and gestalt perception—or his immensely stimulating effect on the minds of others. Nisbett's book, excellent in its sifting and analyzing of ideas, less surefooted in its approach to Lorenz's rugged personality, is stimulating, too. Perhaps it's no detraction from this biography to say that it paves the way for some fuller, more commanding study. —PETER GARDNER

**High Crimes and Misdemeanors: The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson**
*by Gene Smith*
*Morrow, 320 pp., $10*

GENE SMITH'S fast-paced history describes not only Andrew Johnson's impeachment and trial, but also how Lincoln's successor and the radical Republicans got into such a scrape. But it's a bad curry: too much spice and not enough meat. Two generations ago, historians lamented Reconstruction as a misguided, even vicious attempt by vengeful Northerners to allow corruption and black rule to run rampant in the defeated South. More recently, Kenneth Stampp, James McPherson, and others have treated the radicals more sympathetically, Andrew Johnson and the South less so. Perversely, Smith culls unflattering information from both camps, then draws cartoons with it. Southerners are portrayed either as would-be feudal barons or poor white trash; blacks, as inept and irresponsible; northern radicals, as either pompously unrealistic (like Charles Sumner), obsessively spiteful (like Thaddeus Stevens), or simply venal. Andrew Johnson here is a caricature of Eric McKitrick's portrait of him as truculent "outsider." Only the martyred Lincoln (and Johnson, when persecuted for the Constitution's sake) provide saintly contrasts.

Smith claims to write about impersonal "forces that drive men." But his book emphasizes personalities, not issues; the spectacular, not the typical; the colorful, not the substantive. Perhaps reflecting the spirit of the 1970s, it is less political history than it is antipolitical history, as mean-spirited and oddly vindictive as the people it depicts. —LUTHER SPOEHR

**Midnight Express**
*by Billy Hayes with William Hoffer*
*Dutton, 288 pp., $7.95*

NEVER try to smuggle hashish out of Turkey is the first lesson any sensible reader will draw from this riveting true adventure. In 1970, Billy Hayes, a twenty-three-year-old dropout from Marquette University in Milwaukee, was caught with about four pounds of the drug taped to his skin at Istanbul Airport and ended up amid the dirt and brutality of a Turkish house of punishment. His sentence was juggled capriciously, being raised from four years to thirty and then falling back several years because of a general amnesty and time off for good behavior. However many years he finally got, they were unendurable, and in 1975 Hayes took a ride on the "midnight express," the expression commonly used to mean escaping.

He did most of his hard time in a cell block set aside for foreigners, along with such colorful characters as Popeye, an Israeli sailor; Max, a Dutch junkie; and Arne, a sympathetic Swede. Meditation,

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communal living, yoga, and other counterculture arts proved useful to those in prison. Hayes's most horrifying experience was the brief stretch he spent in an insane asylum crowded with naked, shrieking fellow sufferers—certainly one of the innermost circles of hell. This is a superb story, with a hero not too self-consciously heroic, though beset on every page by extreme danger, who makes it at the last gasp through his guts and intelligence, with the reader cheering him on. —RALPH TYLER

---

**In the Looking Glass**
*Edited by Nancy Dean and Myra Stark*
*Putnam's, 262 pp., $8.95*

THIS excellent collection of stories by and about women is both a tribute to and a recognition of the burgeoning numbers of powerful women writers who have emerged over the past two decades. The title (after Virginia Woolf) signifies woman examining herself stripped of prescribed roles and superficial modes of identity. Several of the best stories, though, are by women whose feminist sympathies long predate the current movement—Woolf, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Katherine Mansfield, Doris Lessing. Indeed, Gilman's "The Yellow Wallpaper," first published in 1892, is such a finely wrought study of a woman going mad from emotional asphyxiation that a few of the contemporary efforts in the same vein included here seem pale and redundant beside it. More recent outstanding selections are Joyce Carol Oates's terrifying "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" about a restless teen-aged girl summarily forced into grisly sexual adventure; Rosellen Brown's searing "A Letter to Ismael in the Grave," on the passionate wrath of a drug addict's young widow; and Diane Johnson's coolly understated "An Apple, an Orange," about two older women's failure at mutual understanding. Margaret Drabble, with urbane compassion, renders an always affable career woman thoroughly vulnerable as well as valiant in "A Day in the Life of a Smiling Woman."

The array of talent is obviously impressive. A minor drawback: despite the editors' introductory allusion to the preponderance in women's fiction of the "fear of annihilation of the self," the theme of enveloping madness is overrepresented. Apart from a few stories grounded, alas, more strongly in feminist ideology than in artistic impulse, the collection affords splendid and provocative reading.

—LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

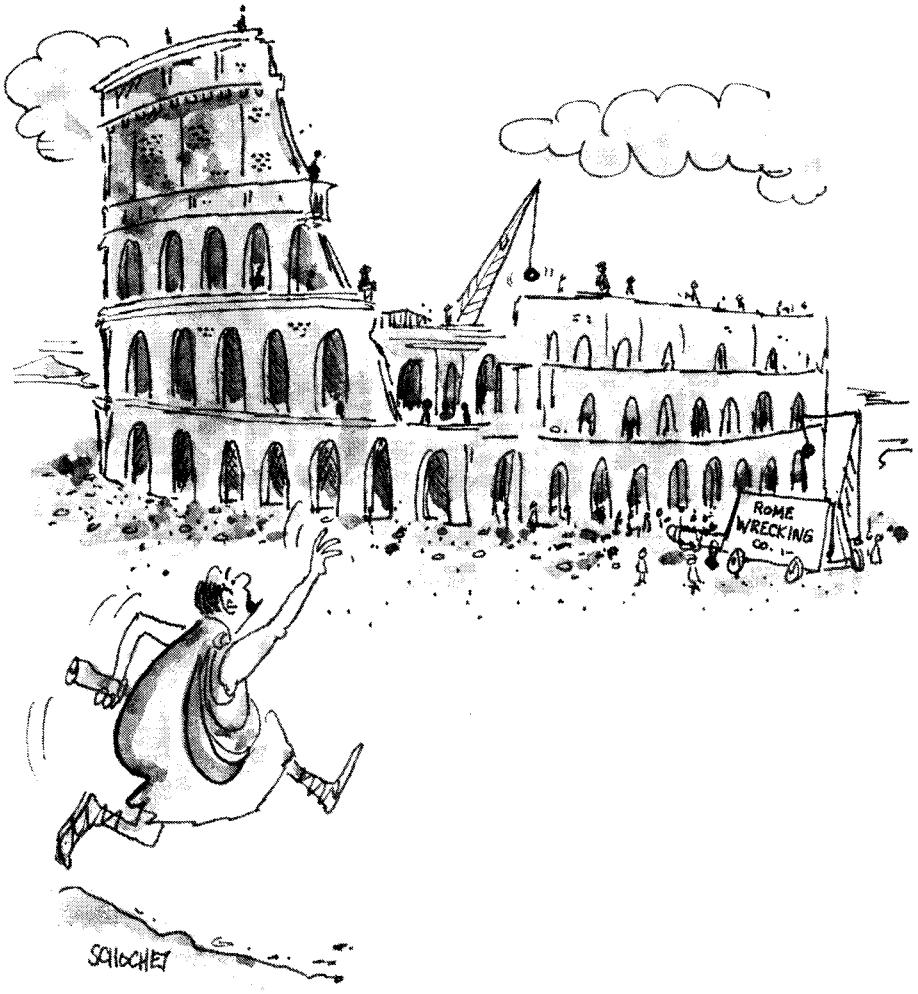
---

**Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichröder, and the Building of the German Empire**
*by Fritz Stern*
*Knopf, 620 pp., $17.95*

MONEY made modern Germany as surely as did the sword: Bismarck needed gold before iron in order to unify the Reich. And he got it through the preeminent banker in Prussia, Gerson Bleichröder, who aided him publicly and privately for over 30 years. Fritz Stern unveils this collaboration, till now virtually unknown, and sets it at the heart of post-unification Germany. Bismarck and Bleichröder served each other, because the cunning chancellor required influence in the world of finance for political and personal ends, and the Jewish banker wanted public stature to crown his wealth. Stern's sharp eye for historical significance discerns unexpected patterns and expectable portents in these complementary needs: the lust for gold emerges as a pervasive way of life, at once embraced and despised, and yet incidental to German colonial adventures; Bismarck, the consummate political man, who failed even to mention Bleichröder in his memoirs, is shown to have depended on his "Berlin Rothschild" in both the building and the managing of the state; and Bleichröder, tireless champion of Jewish liberties, through his wealth, political influence, and desires for assimilation, became the archetypal Jew whom the new anti-Semites feared and hated.

Bismarck and Bleichröder left Germany a fearful legacy of authoritarian politics, omnivorous capitalism, and virulent anti-Semitism. Both died, in the 1890s, nursing wounds of defeat: Bismarck had been dismissed by a new and megalomaniacal emperor, and Bleichröder had gone blind and had despaired of his degenerating family, which soon would lose his wealth. Stern's complex and detailed history ends in this melancholy that foreshadows tragedy.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN




*"No, no! It's the old fight arena that has to come down!"*



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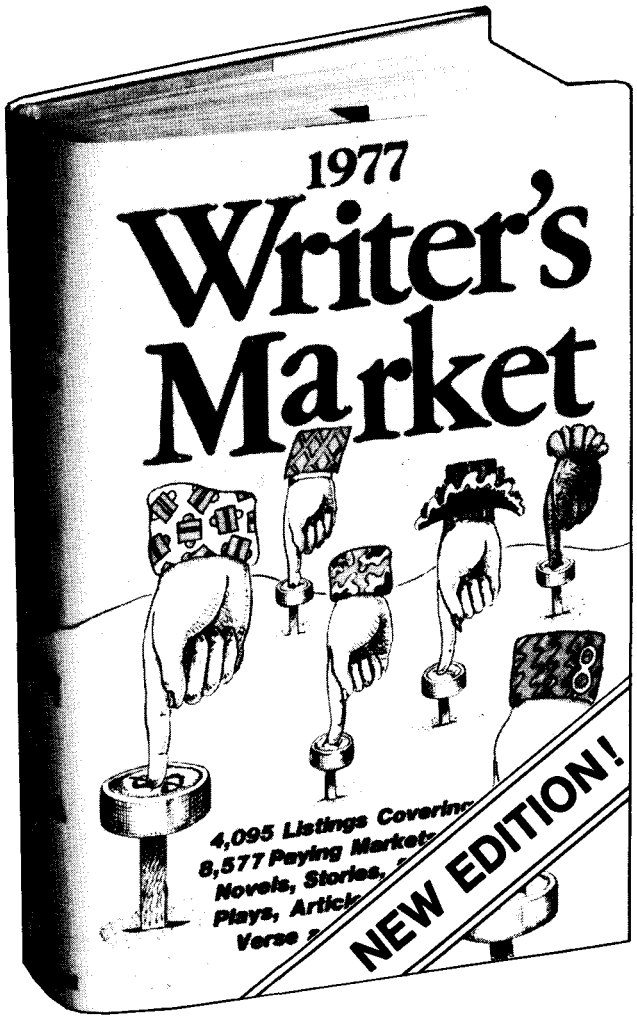


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# Trade Winds

by William Cole

**Hocus-Pocus**

Poets abound, as the Academy of American Poets found when it inaugurated its Walt Whitman Award. Sixteen hundred manuscripts were submitted, and judge William Stafford chose Laura Gilpin's *The Hocus-Pocus of the Universe* (Doubleday, just published, $7.95 cloth, $4.95 paper). I'm glad he did, for I find that hers are poems of style, wit, and clarity. Here is one of the smaller poems in the collection, "The Two-Headed Calf":

Tomorrow when the farm boys find this
freak of nature, they will wrap his body
in newspaper and carry him to the
museum.
But tonight he is alive and in the north
field with his mother. It is a perfect
summer evening: the moon rising over
the orchard, the wind in the grass.
And as he stares into the sky, there
are twice as many stars as usual.

**Retracking**

A couple of good books sneaked by me in January and February, so a word about them. *The Taste of America*, by John L. Hess and Karen Hess (Grossman/Viking, $8.95), is an indictment of the contemporary pallid palate and a flaying of food writers, including Craig Claiborne, James Beard, and even Saint Julia. Quotes: "Flour in sauces is the crutch of a poor cook"; "The dirty secret of American luxury dining is precooked frozen food." Also alimentary is *The Book of Beer*, by Bob Abel (Regnery, paper, $6.95). Everything, including recommended pub crawls of our major cities. Pub crawls in search of imported beer, mostly. American beer has become dreadful, what with the big, bad breweries squeezing out the small, good ones. I can't drink the name brands. Then there's the quality paperback of Alan Harrington's cult book, *The Immortalist* (Celestial Arts, $5.95), with the cheekiest first sentence in literature: "Death is an imposition on the human race, and no longer acceptable."

**Want To Start a Fight?**

If there's one thing I know something about, it's "commonplace books," meaning personal, annotated anthologies. I collect them; I've written about them for *The New York Times Book Review*; and I've edited and published two, one each by Auden and Louis Kronenberger. So here comes an undoubtedly commonplace book, and the word isn't mentioned on the jacket or anyplace else. It's called *Library Looking-Glass: A Personal Anthology*, by David Cecil (Harper & Row, March 2, $10.00), and it's absorbing, stimulating, and edifying. A bit on the austere side, but what do you expect from a lord? His favorite writers are Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Jane Austen, Hardy, Milton, Santayana, and Pope, with a leavening of Max Beerbohm and Sidney (sometimes spelled Sydney) Smith. Selections are arranged alphabetically by topics, such as "Happiness," "Neglected" (neglected works of distinguished writers), and "Taste." I could quote endlessly from His Lordship's pages. Here's Max Beerbohm:

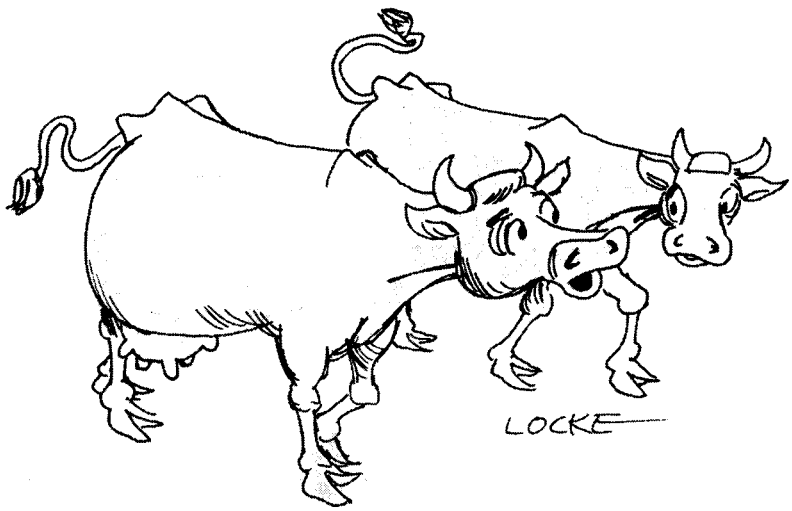
It is curious how often the artist is ignorant of his own true bent. . . . How many charming talents have been spoiled by the instilled desire to do "important" work! Some people are born to lift heavy weights. Some are born to juggle with golden balls. The lifters are far more numerous in England than are the jugglers.

And from George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax: "The struggling for knowledge hath a pleasure in it like that of wrestling with a fine Woman." Or Cecil himself on poetry: "The difference between [prose] and poetry is a matter of form not feeling. The nearest we can get to defining poetry is to say that it is something that would lose its essential quality and value if it was translated into prose."

Or, if you want to start a fight, read Cecil on "Beauty" aloud at a mixed gathering:

Great beauty has something about it divine, mysterious and fatal; and all the more because it is a gift that cannot be acquired by the conscientious or the clever, however much effort they may make. Very beautiful persons are, as it were, the blood-royal of humanity and as such are exempt from the operation of those laws which condition the lives of ordinary homely-faced mortals. It is right, we feel, that after the fall of Troy, beautiful Helen went unpunished, though she was the cause of all its ten long years of suffering.

As is proper with any commonplace book, this one is about equally divided between the material compiled and the compiler's own notes. ◉




*"You been switched to liters yet, or are you still giving quarts?"*

**Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 117**

Wells Twombly: (200 Years of) Sport in America

Croquet was the first sport to be adopted by American women, creatures who were supposed to suffer silently . . . and . . . under no circumstances were to be out on the lawn in the hot sun engaging in physical activities, but that was exactly what many of them were doing.



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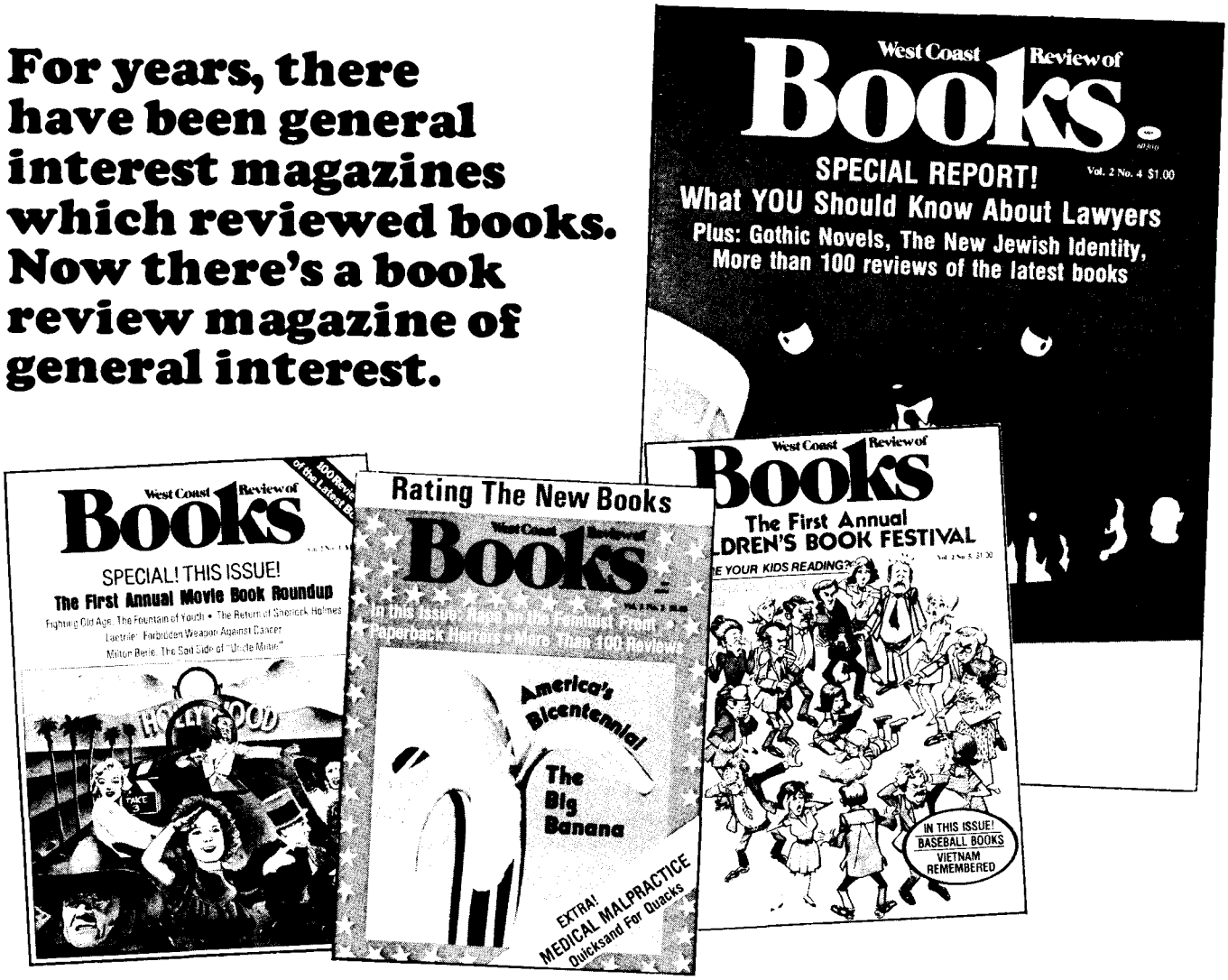
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For example, when we reviewed a book about the making of *King Kong,* the 1933 movie, and another about Edgar Rice Burroughs, about the man who created Tarzan, we teamed them up in an article called, "King Kong Versus Tarzan." It was a story about pop culture and how, in their own ways, the Great Ape and the Ape Man have captivated the public. In another article, "Wizzing Down the Yellow Brick Road," we talked about *The Wizard of Oz* and the continuing popularity of Frank Baum's characters (we even gave our readers the address of the Wizard of Oz Fan Club).

And our special issues have really made **The West Coast Review of Books** special. Our annual look into the Fall books of the publishers, "Autumn's Best Bets," continues to be a sell-out; our "Annual Movie Book Roundup" has become a Collectors Item year after year; our First Annual Children's Books Festival proved to be a smash hit. As you can see, **The West Coast Review of Books** is different from anything else on the newsstands.

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# Artsletter

## DOCUMENTING THE DANCE

Plans are being laid for an eight-volume encyclopedia of the dance, which with a little bit of luck (and much money and hard work) could be off the presses in about ten years. Dance experts from all over the world convened in New York recently to discuss the dos and don'ts of the enterprise and to hear some cautionary advice from Lincoln Kirstein, general director of the New York City Ballet and a doer of vast experience and effectiveness in the world of the dance. He warned that the planning of a comprehensive dance encyclopedia was "too complex a project to be left entirely to the euphoria of dance buffs or balletomanes. I would hope," he pleaded, "for the collaboration of polymaths, particularly some from the natural sciences. It is not dance specialists alone who are to be called upon, but also orthopedic surgeons, cobblers, painters, and tailors."

If Selma Jeanne Cohen has her way, there will be all that and more in the new encyclopedia. It was Miss Cohen, founder and editor of the scholarly quarterly *Dance Perspectives* (alas, now defunct), who organized the planning conference for the encyclopedia and persuaded the National Endowment for the Humanities to finance it. "Nothing on this scale has ever been attempted before," she told us. "There are a few one-volume reference books—almost always the work of one man—but even the best of them just skim the surface."

If the new encyclopedia comes to pass, it will not only provide a compendium of knowledge but also instigate some much needed research. The next step is to assemble an editorial board and appoint an editor in chief. Then the money has to be found. Several publishing houses have already expressed interest in the project, but supplementary funds will also be necessary. Once the wheels are in motion, Miss Cohen wants to sit on the sideline. "My aim now is to set up a graduate program in dance history at a major university. It's essential to establish dance as a viable scholarly discipline."

## UPDATES

The new arts complex in Paris recently described in these pages by Roy McMullen ["Beaubourg: A Model or a Portent," January 22] has sailed into stormy weather. In protest against the French government's release of Abu Daoud, the suspected Palestinian terrorist, some leading American artists are withholding their works from the Beaubourg's important "Paris–New York" show, scheduled to open in May. Among those who have signed a declaration to this effect are Jim Dine, Willem de Kooning, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Motherwell, Louise Nevelson, and Saul Steinberg. Several art dealers and art critics, among them *SR*'s Katharine Kuh, have also joined in urging a Beaubourg boycott. Not everyone agrees with them. Robert Rauschenberg and Larry Rivers are two dissenters. So is the art dealer Leo Castelli. "Why," he demands, "should we punish the cultural communities of France and the world because the French government has acted badly in this case? Culture has no connection with transitory political events." Others have noted that President Giscard d'Estaing's interest in the Beaubourg is tepid at best and that the arts center has many enemies in France (see the McMullen article for details). "By our resistance to celebrating the museum," Rauschenberg maintains, "we would be playing into their hands."

. . . Karl E. Meyer's recent column "The Albion Factor in Public Broadcasting" [January 22] reported on the controversy over a million-dollar grant made by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB) toward a BBC television production of Shakespeare's complete plays. Strong objections to that grant were voiced by officials of the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS), representing the nation's noncommercial television stations, on the grounds that federal funds should be used primarily to underwrite worthwhile homegrown programs. Said PBS president Lawrence K. Grossman: "We've got talent in this country anxious to do good things on television. It's inappropriate for us, as a public-supported system, to keep buying programs from other countries and not put that native talent to use." Specifically, the PBS people felt that the million dollars earmarked for Shakespeare should have gone to continue *Visions*, this season's series of original television plays by American writers. That disagreement has now been resolved. The CPB has decided to keep *Visions* going for at least another season, and the Shakespeare series will be underwritten instead by a private corporation and/or a foundation. —ROLAND GELATT



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# Rostropovich in Midpassage

by George Feifer

IF SOMEONE asked me for a guide to my Paris, it would begin in the basement canteen of the Rachmaninoff Conservatoire on the Quai de New York. But gloom mingles with the smell of hot borsch and *pirozhki* this afternoon. Mstislav Rostropovich is leaving for America—though not before giving a final concert this evening for the benefit of needy Russians living in France. Then he is off—to his new job as musical director of Washington's National Symphony Orchestra and to a gala concert in Carnegie Hall on March 27 to mark his fiftieth birthday.

The old émigrés shake their heads over their deep personal loss. It's not simply, they say, that Rostropovich is the world's best cellist. With Piatigorsky's death, they warrant (no mention of Casals), this is beyond question. It is the heart they will miss more: the heart that is "bigger than his genius." When he was rehearsing Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame* with the Russian choir, he always ate right here, in the canteen. He took time from his fiendish work schedule to talk to lonely waitresses about their relatives in Russia. "He drank vodka with everyone. He listened to everyone. He was everyone's friend."

I have heard this so often from people who obviously do not know him well that I am prepared for the worst when I meet him tomorrow. After the (glorious) concert that evening, my misgivings swell. Half the Russian community of Paris—laced by a hundred Frenchmen who have also become his best friend in the course of a year—pushes through to the dressing room. Twelve hundred Rostropovich kisses are planted on four hundred sets of cheeks, and the great man promises to telephone all his *chers amis* the next day. I have never seen such a backstage crush for a musician. Surely Rostropovich must

Sovfoto

Leonid D. Lubianitsky

*Rostropovich in 1963 (above) and today—" 'I feel my life is starting now.' "*

*George Feifer, an American novelist and journalist who lived for many years in Moscow, interviewed Rostropovich in Russian. His* Moscow Farewell *was published in 1976.*

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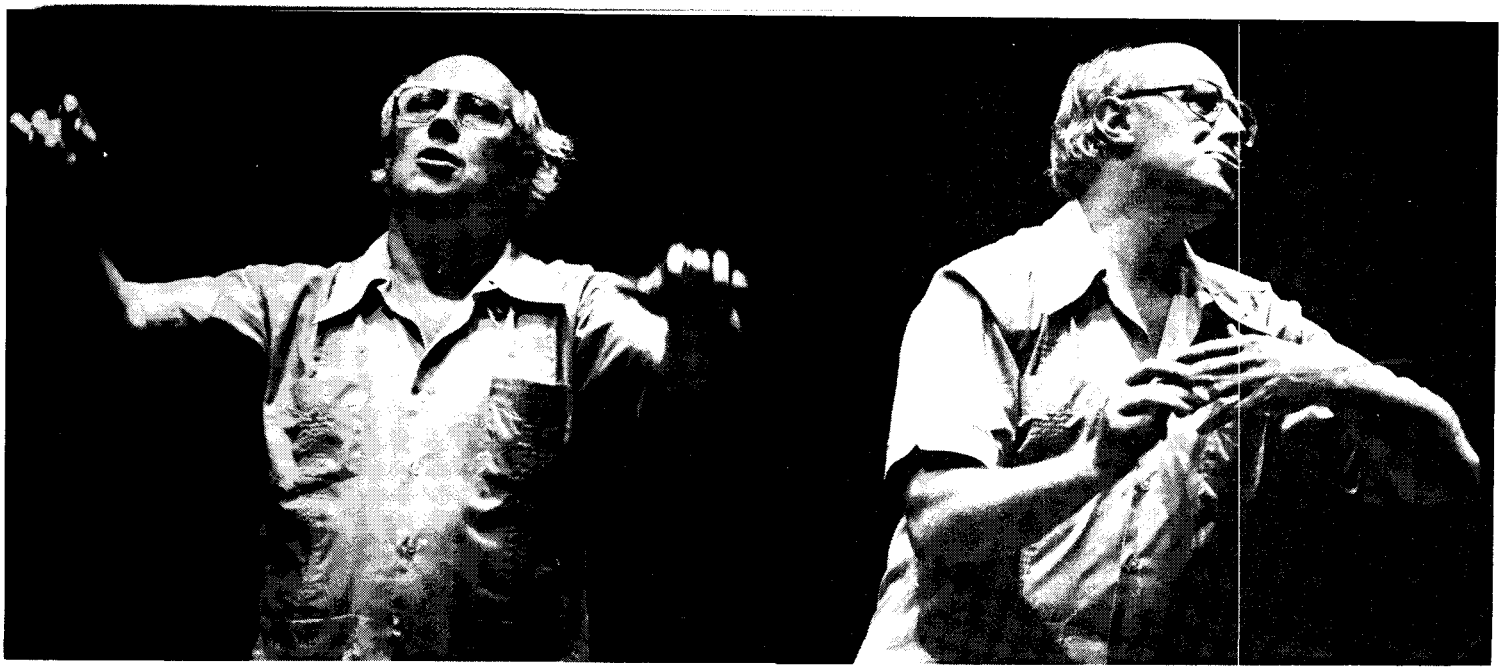

Photographs: Mimi Cotter

be pretending to like that fawning herd.

I fight my way free and think of why I do not really want to meet him. So many Russians who left are less saintly than the publicity about them. So many whom I loved in Moscow are not at all the same after settling in the West. And all the excellent reasons for this do not compensate for their loss of charm—and sense of self—outside their hermetic native setting. The rumors I've heard about Rostropovich fit the pattern. In New York, it is said that his famed Russian generosity turned to cold calculation of fees the moment he left the Soviet Union—and became his own employer—in 1974. His Paris agent rudely ignores promises to return telephone calls. His London agent does the same, and his secretary suggests why. "Is there a fee for it?" was her first question when she was asked about an interview. "The maestro likes gifts."

But the moment Rostropovich opens the door late the next morning, I dislike myself for these niggling thoughts. Now he is kissing *my* cheeks three times, and I feel it is because he is truly happy to meet someone new, despite the intrusion on his hectic day. He is neither falsely modest nor patronizing. When I ask for his patronymic so that I may address him with respect, he insists I call him simply "Slava," which is like "Billy" to "William." In thirty seconds, he has cut through the thick red tape, commercial haggling, and miasma of ill will his agents have been putting between us for two years.

He is dressed as if he was thinking of several other things while doing it. As a critic recently observed, Rostropovich is not only a great musician, but "also what a public conditioned by Hollywood films thinks a great musician should be." After disengaging himself from his admirers and practicing a new concerto much of the night, he is breakfasting on an assortment of cheeses—none of which I had associated with breakfast before—which are savored directly from the knife. He rummages for a second knife and urges me to dig in, while his wife bangs kettles and otherwise clumps about the kitchen on her own business, only occasionally shouting out an addition or an amendment to his remarks. Galina Vishnevskaya, the Bolshoi Opera's former star soprano, is in a housecoat, and her face glistens with night cream. Because no one thinks it necessary to make me feel at home, I feel more so than anywhere I have visited for the first time, except in Moscow's crammed apartments.

*This* apartment, on one of the best sections of the Boulevard Malesherbes, is of a different world; and of the same one. The grand rooms are almost empty of furniture, but they are spilling over with books, paintings, and artifacts in homey Russian disorder. On closer inspection, I see that all the items themselves are indeed Russian.

"This is the island that belongs to my homeland," says Rostropovich in a voice that tells me he is thinking of his dacha outside Moscow. "I love the West for much, I am deeply grateful to it. But I cannot live without Russia's spirit running through my blood, do you understand? So in my home, I want to surround myself with only the things that will remind me of my links to my country, my people."

Nevertheless, he says, he will severely curtail his selection of Russian music in his new job in Washington. Since the National Symphony is the orchestra of the American capital, he will emphasize American composers, especially younger ones. He also considers it this orchestra's special responsibility to launch leading young soloists from American music schools onto the "big" stage. And because of Washington's role in diplomacy, it is essential that as many new works from as many countries as possible be introduced to the American public there.

Suddenly he is talking so fast that he stumbles over his words. His lips tremble, his eyes light up behind his spectacles. He is an excited child.

He talks of the orchestra as a collective instrument. "The sound fascinates me, the timbre. I want to play orchestral music as I hear it, which is how I play the cello." He draws analogies between performing and creative thinking. "Once he has achieved a certain level, a physicist or a mathematician often must move outside his own discipline in order to make a leap in imagination—in other words, to grow. After a certain point, I could not have gone further with the cello if I hadn't conducted; hadn't heard, seen, and felt outside my own instrument."

But the central message of his eager monologue is that conducting is no sideline for him, and still less a venture into the fashionable to keep up with soloists who fancy themselves with a baton. It is nothing less than his major purpose. "I have never wanted anything more. Don't laugh. I feel my life is starting now."

I wonder whether this has something to do with his fiftieth birthday, a date Russians treat with much solemnity and sentimentality. The Carnegie Hall concert on that day will be something very special in his life: it will mark his New York debut as a conductor. He has purposely not appeared there before in this capacity.



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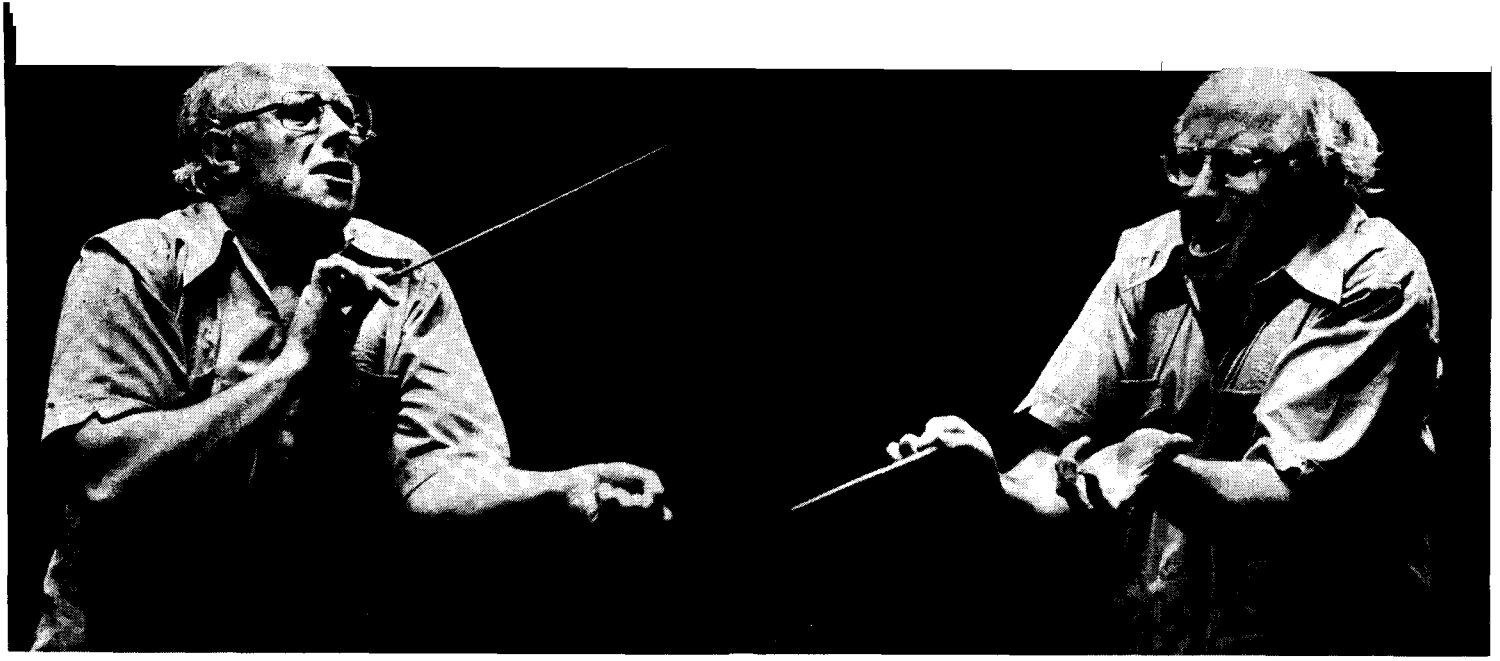

But the larger reason is again connected to the new job. He did not want to conduct in New York until he could do it with his own orchestra.

"This is what I've been waiting for, hoping for, since I had my first childhood dreams of glory. Conductors have been my heroes ever since I watched them, as a tot, leading the orchestras my father played in. And during the many years I was a soloist with other orchestras, I considered it preparation for when I might have my own. I played with the world's greatest conductors, all doing the same pieces in their individual ways: an incredible education. I'll never drop the cello. It will always be my favorite instrument. But these seasons with the National Symphony are the real test of my musical life."

Two years ago, Rostropovich made a triumphant debut as a guest conductor with the National Symphony. When they stopped applauding, the board offered him a four-year contract as musical director. Rostropovich felt he had better sign on at first for a trial period of two years. A similar invitation from one of the five leading American orchestras—Boston, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and Philadelphia—would have tempted him far less. These are now so excellent, he feels, that any improvement would be difficult. But the National Symphony is full of unrealized potential. "It's all there, just waiting to be developed. A fantastic challenge to me, and I'm going to work my head off to meet it. I don't say it will be the best orchestra in the world. But I do guarantee you it will be in that group."

His mention of the great American orchestras prompts a question I've long wanted to ask. Why is it that Russia produces so many superb instrumentalists whose chief source of strength seems to be a totally *individual* expression, whereas its orchestras and other *collective* ensembles are weaker by comparison? He answers in terms of the Soviet system of musical education, which he considers by far the best in the world. Promising soloists are drilled and groomed, just like Olympic athletes—and for the same goal of national prestige. In the West, each aspiring soloist decides for himself when, whether, or how he wants to work. In Russia, the best professors in the land are *assigned* to train their top charges for gold medals. "And they answer with their heads for failure. Practice is an affair of state. Nothing is spared."

On the other hand, politization badly damages Soviet orchestras. As in ballet, the repertoire is ruthlessly limited on the orders of hack cultural overseers. There are "desirable" and "undesirable" composers. And since so many new works are undesirable, the old standard compositions prevail—and crush enthusiasm. There is far too little travel abroad and far too few invitations to foreign guest conductors. "Once every blue moon, we do get a French or Italian conductor, and it takes our orchestras a month to learn something a good American one would polish in four or five rehearsals."

"Oh, don't pussyfoot so, darling," Vishnevskaya shouts out. "For thirty years, we play or sing the same numbers. With the same partners. And the same faces on the podium. It's incest. It's crippling. I wonder why more of us aren't stark raving nuts."

It was inevitable, of course, that we would come to politics. To my surprise, Rostropovich is not shy or coy, even in this. The only exception is the vexing subject of Solzhenitsyn: a curious irony, since his giving refuge to the persecuted writer over a period of four years—and his extraordinary open letter of defense in 1970—caused Rostropovich's own persecution. After both men were in the West, Solzhenitsyn and his disciples spoke scornfully of Russians who lacked the "spiritual values" to stay and fight in the homeland and instead left "voluntarily" for an easy life in the West. As the great writer and moralist surely knew, Rostropovich might be thought to fit this unfair description. When I ask about this now, Rostropovich says very quietly that he would rather not comment on his differences of opinion with Solzhenitsyn. But they do still see and respect each other. Knowing how many former friends and supporters Solzhenitsyn has excoriated, I take this as a rare tribute to Rostropovich's good nature.

The other vexing question is whether he will ever return to Russia. The National Symphony engagement has neatly put off an answer for the next two years. "My tremendous responsibility to my employers," he explains, "and my even greater one to what I want to achieve" will keep him from going back while there is no guarantee of another exit visa. Still, he and Vishnevskaya "live in the deep hope of returning soon after our contract has been fulfilled. We *know* the day is coming when we will be able to live in peace there. Otherwise, life would be intolerable for us now."

All he and Vishnevskaya would want is the freedom to make their own artistic commitments: to play what and where they wanted—including abroad—without the overseers sending them where they did not want to go and claiming they were ill when offers came that they *did* want to



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accept. They would pay any tax on their fees. They would live quietly and ask for nothing else.

But what evidence is there that this will be granted them, as they believe, within the next ten years?

"Oh, the bureaucrats clearly *must* see what is happening. Makarova, the Panovs, Baryshnikov; and just last week, a gifted young pianist. . . . These talents whom Russia raised should be bringing it honor, not scandal. Surely the politicians will not allow this terrible loss to continue. Surely they know it would stop the moment they allowed artists to come and go and to work to their artistic limits. If this were so, no one would want to interfere with the Soviet system. None of us would think of defecting. In our own case, we know we can never find the equivalent of our beautiful countryside—or of our feelings for our people—in the West."

Yes, I agree: of course the bureaucrats *should* understand. But is there any real hope, any concrete indication, that they are beginning to do so?

"It is only a matter of reason. And I think the time has actually come. One sign is that my wife and myself, my two daughters in New York [Olga, age twenty, is studying the cello, and Elena, eighteen, the piano, both at Juilliard]—we four are still Soviet citizens. We cannot say anything less than the truth about everything to the people we sing and play for: the people who have opened their hearts to us in the West. Yet Soviet officials have extended our visas from the original two years. . . . You know, our country is very big. A huge state, a gigantic bureaucracy. All changes are terribly difficult. It is like a great ocean liner that must be slowly nudged by tugs to start it moving from its accustomed berth. But I think we are under way. I feel us moving."

While I listen to his touching optimism, the latest statement of Andrei Amalrik rings in my ears like the Kremlin bells: "The Soviet Union would rather give up East Germany than allow free movement of ideas and the introduction of human rights." To Amalrik, as to most of us, it seems obvious that the last thing the cultural bosses will allow is for artists to move about freely, for that would threaten their own power. This is why Vishnevskaya's twenty-year career with the Bolshoi went entirely unmentioned in the theater's gushing bicentennial celebration last year, and why Rostropovich is being expunged from Soviet musical literature. They will be unpersons before they are back on the soil they so love. And last fall, when Rostropovich dedicated a National Symphony concert to the memory of Shostakovich, his teacher and great friend, the Soviet embassy in Washington protested "this unfriendly act."

It is time to leave. "Slava" must rehearse with the Russian choir again today, then practice his new concerto. And first, there is the day's stack of mail—mostly from needy Russian émigrés—to attend to. His "Thank you for coming" is said as if I've done him a favor. "I'm glad to have a new friend. And I ask only that my love for my people is reflected in anything you write. I miss them terribly."

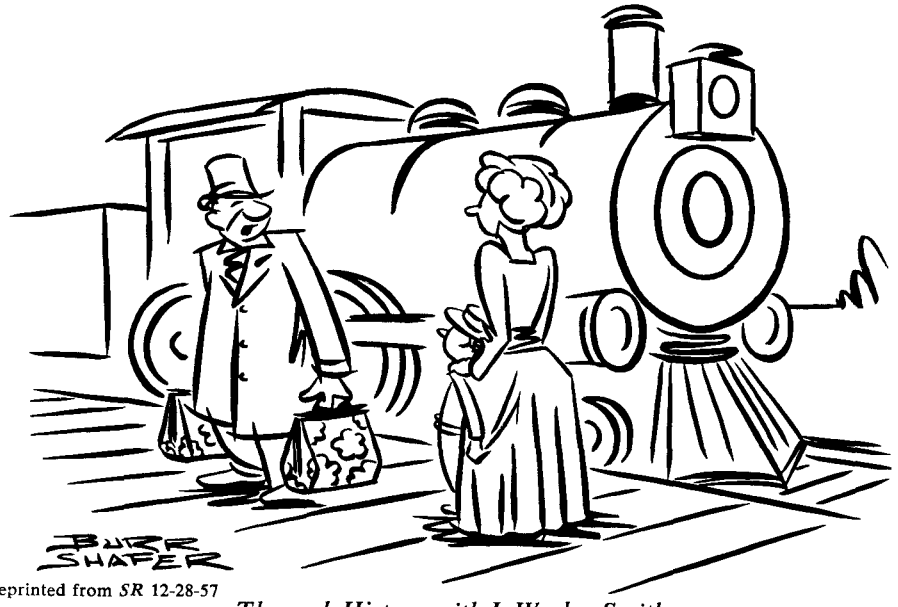
Suddenly, he pulls me down again. He wants to talk about what formulated his "whole attitude to life."

He was born in 1927, in Baku, to a mother who was an accomplished pianist and a father who taught the cello. At four, he played—and composed for—the piano well enough to make his parents aware of their son's unusual gifts. (Forty years later, he still accompanies his wife with distinction in recitals and astonishes listeners who did not know of his virtuosity on the piano, too.) When he was six, they decided he should study in a leading conservatory. They arrived in Moscow in the terrible year of 1934, destitute except for a putative Persian rug and Japanese ivory carving. "Both were probably made in some village outside Moscow, but my mother was very proud of them." His father could not find work. The angry man who had rented them a corner of his room confiscated the treasures and pushed his lodgers into the street.

"We were sitting there, my mother and sister weeping, my father trying to comfort them, but in despair himself. A large woman came up and asked what the matter was. She was Auntie Zina, her husband was Uncle Vanya, and their son—who would be killed in the war—was Oleg. They lived in a communal apartment with seven other families. Their room was much too small for them as it was, but they took us in, all four of us. We were total strangers, and they fed us. And after a few weeks, I saw them lugging something up the stairs. It was the 'Persian' rug and 'Japanese' carving for my mother.

"Now I give free concerts. For my fiftieth birthday, I'm going to give a dozen of them, all over the world—to show my gratitude for everything. But this costs me nothing. I can afford it. It was Auntie Zina and Uncle Vanya who made the sacrifice when they could *not* afford it. For *two years* we lived on top of them, so that there was literally no space to turn around in their tiny room."

As the Wehrmacht advanced on Moscow, the family was evacuated to Orenburg, in the Urals. The elder Rostropovich's heart failed and he died there in 1942. The blow for the thirteen-year-old boy who had adored him brought on a serious illness. It was an abnormally frigid winter. The family was dependent on Rostropovich's godmother, a schoolteacher. One day, they noticed that her room had been gradually emptying of everything, so that the family could eat. Then people




Reprinted from *SR* 12-28-57

*Through History with J. Wesley Smith*
*"And if McKinley doesn't win, send the wagon for me because the trains won't be running."*



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arrived with a stove. "They dragged it in and left. Total strangers again. Can I ever forget such things, or what my obligations are for them?"

When he recovered, young Rostropovich began teaching the cello, as his father had done. To earn a few extra kopecks, he joined small "brigades" of an evacuated Leningrad opera company, giving concerts in nearby towns. One night, six people traveled together: three singers, an accompanist, an administrator, and Rostropovich. Each was given one thin blanket, but it was so cold in the unheated train that the young boy could not stop chattering. "So terribly, terribly cold. And my father was gone, my mother suffering. I lay down and thought this would be a good time to die."

Somehow, he fell asleep. And woke up warm. Six blankets were piled on top of him. One by one, the others had covered him with theirs during the night.

"This is the debt I must repay. This is why I want to give something back with my music. No matter how much I play and what I achieve, I will not be able to do it. But I must try. It is a debt to all people, but most of all to *my* people, who gave me what they did. Who made me a person and a musician. . . ."

Silence descends. Rostropovich, who has been full of quips, seems near to tears. I suggest that the Soviet government might invite him back with his new orchestra, then immediately regret the bad taste of this supposed whimsy. But he seizes on it avidly. The orchestra will be in Western Europe after its 1978–79 season. They could go from there. "How I'd love to play in Moscow and Leningrad!"

At the door, he hugs me, and I feel impotent because I cannot convey his message to those he wants to hear it. "You must judge for yourself whether I am a good musician. But I know I have tried to be a good man. I am not a politician. Such things change overnight: one attitude to Egypt one day, another the next. I am a man of Bach and Beethoven, who stay the same. Yesterday's concert for the needy Russians was not a political act, but my patriotic duty. So that my countrymen do not go hungry. My giving refuge to Solzhenitsyn was not a political challenge, but the purely personal help that every friend deserves when a gang is beating him unfairly. Everything I have achieved, everything I want to achieve, is for my people. Every bow I take, I take as their representative. If foreigners are pleased with me, why can't my country take the credit?" ◉

# The Movies

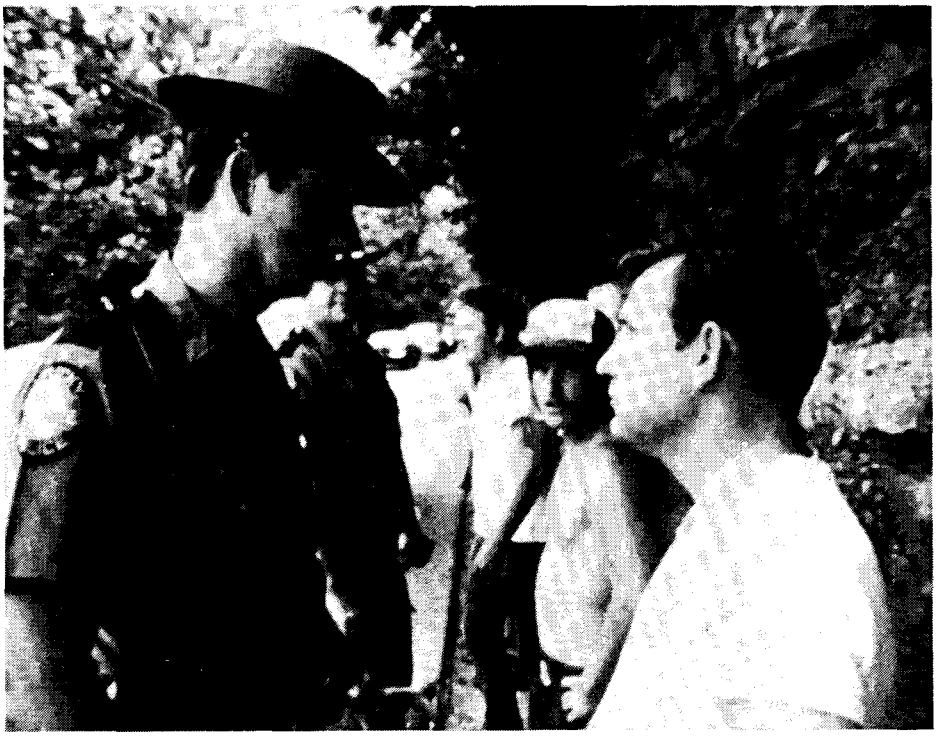
## "They say in Harlan County There are no neutrals there. . . ."

by Judith Crist

BARBARA KOPPLE, an aspiring young New York City filmmaker, went down to Harlan County, Kentucky, in 1972 with a $9,000 loan and an assignment to do a film about the Miners for Democracy campaign for control of the United Mine Workers (UMW). But she became "involved." The result, four years and some $350,000 later, is a remarkable documentary, *Harlan County, U.S.A.*, a work as passionate as it is insightful, as partisan as it is informative.

Kopple and her "big crew" of seven went to tell a campaign story, filming in Kentucky, West Virginia, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Increasingly, she felt herself committed "to tell the story of the miners, their history, their music." And in mid-1973, in what had been the "bloody Harlan County" of the Thirties, she "got hooked into it." The "hook" was the strike at the Brookside mining camp, managed by Eastover Mining, a subsidiary of the Duke Power Company of the Carolinas. The miners had voted to throw out the Southern Labor Union, which had a "sweetheart" contract with Eastover, and to bring in the UMW; Duke Power refused to sign a contract. Kopple, as producer and director, and a crew of two (first Kevin Keating and then, for the most part, Hart Perry on camera; Ann Lewis on assistant camera) moved in with various miners' families and established relationships of complete rapport and total access. And as the fourteen-month strike progressed, Kopple went back and forth to New York, to raise money by working on other people's films, to edit sections of her own film and raise funds thereby, to beg and borrow "film stock, splicing tape. . . . Dozens of individuals and about fifteen foundations and church groups gave us support."

What they supported is a film that de-



Harlan County, U.S.A.—*"The terrifying confrontation of man to man."*



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tails the past and present of the Harlan miners, their heritage of unionism, their generational commitment to the mines, their aspirations, and their individualism. It is the last that this thirty-year-old filmmaker captures most perceptively, the articulateness of ordinary people aware of their roots and of their own road to survival. Above all, when unions have for most of us become Establishment institutions, conglomerates in their own time, her document provides a stirring reminder of the ideological struggle, the fight for solidarity, the commitment to a picket line, the terrifying confrontation of man to man—and today, the confrontation of woman to man.

It is the woman power in Harlan that emerges as a driving force. It is the housewives who are the onlookers to the devastating toll of coal-mining itself upon the human body, who bear witness as daughters and wives and mothers of miners and

## An Uncertain Triumph

by A. H. Raskin

DEATH is the constant companion of the miners who dig the nation's coal. Their average wage of eight dollars an hour puts them well up among the highest-paid industrial workers, but it does not lessen their sense of being walled off in a stygian world apart, noticed by the rest of America only when a mine explosion or a roof fall splashes their blood across the television screen or when an economy-chilling strike subjects them to denunciations from the White House and Congress.

For forty turbulent years their frustrations found majestic voice in John L. Lewis, the president of their union, the United Mine Workers. "I have pleaded your case," he used to tell them, "not in the quavering tones of a feeble mendicant asking alms, but in the thundering voice of the captain of a mighty host, demanding the rights to which free men are entitled."

And the miners followed Lewis even when his demands for higher pay and a system of industry-financed pension and health benefits brought him into conflict with Franklin D. Roosevelt, the father of the New Deal. They became the shock troops of organized labor, providing the leadership and much of the resources for unionizing steel and the other mass-production industries two generations ago.

The United Mine Workers did much in the Lewis era to banish industrial absolutism in states where the coal operators once owned the law, the church, the homes, the stores, and the jobs. But long before that iron grip was fully broken, the union became an authoritarian institution in its own right. Lewis's word was absolute. Two thirds of the soft-coal districts were ruled by his appointees.

When protesters arose at the quadrennial conventions to suggest that it was time to let the rank and file make its own selections, Lewis would point to Congress as proof enough that officials were not necessarily good simply because they were elected. Then he would blandly cut off more waste of time on this issue by expressing certainty that the miners who were risking their lives to earn the dues that paid for the convention had no desire to see the union torn down from its "high peak of efficiency." That would seal the question for four more years; and it helps explain the sense of total command that enabled the leonine Lewis to tell the chief negotiator for the coal operators in 1949: "You need men and I have all the men and they are here in the palm of my hand, and now I ask, What am I bid?"

When Lewis stepped down, in 1960, and lesser men inherited the mantle, such imperiousness was harder for the miners to stomach. One spur to revolt was a conviction among many miners that Lewis's heirs, headed by W. A. "Tony" Boyle, were in league with the mineowners in ways that once again gave the pursuit of corporate profits priority over the health and safety of the union members.

Moreover, the miners now know that the union,

*A. H. Raskin is the labor columnist for* The New York Times.



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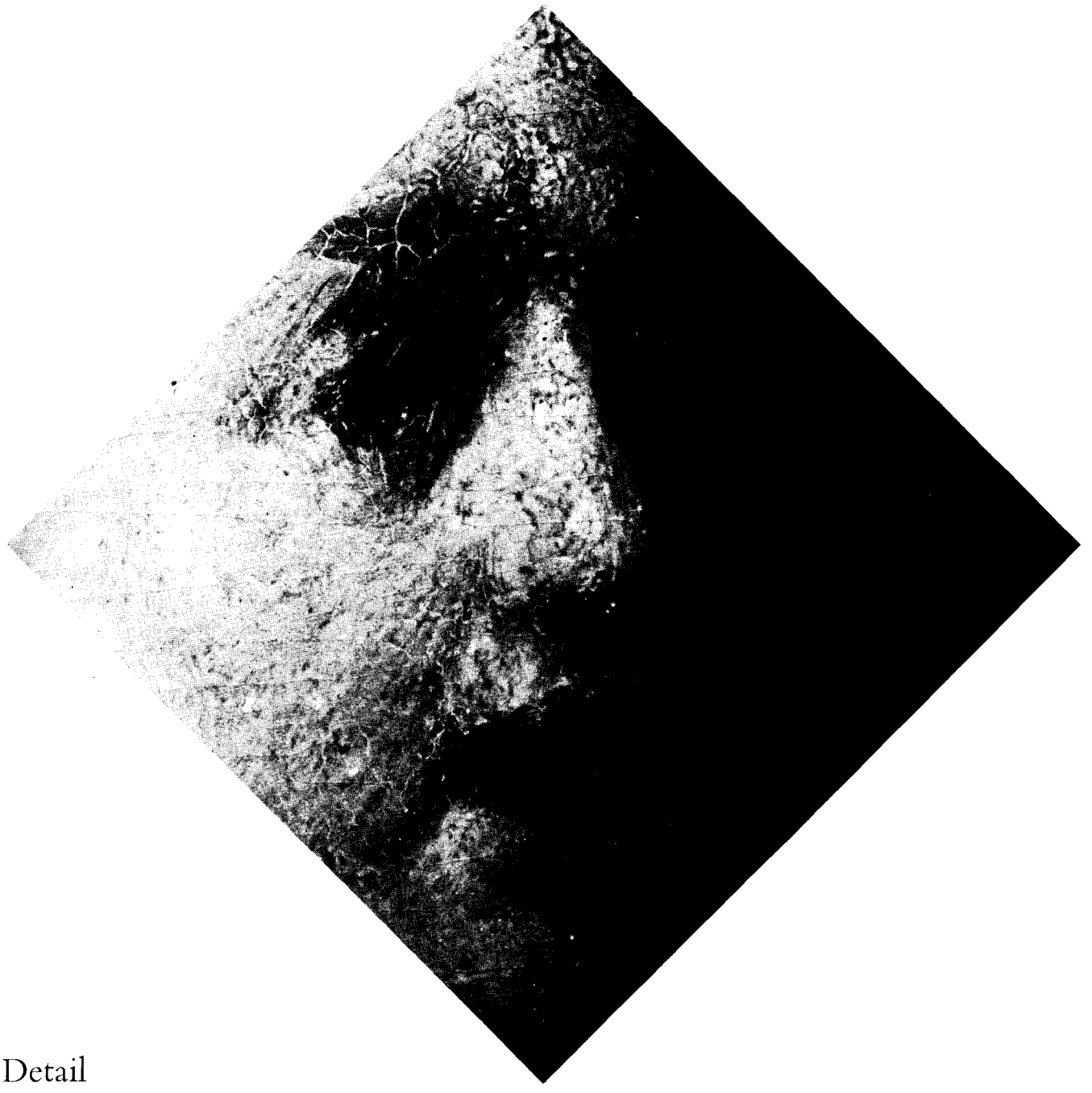

Detail

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who, at Brookside, fight the battle not merely beside but in front of their menfolk. A striking miner and a state trooper stare at each other with intimate knowledge of their common roots and the immobility of principle; violence simmers under court-ordered passivity. But it is the plump housewife, president of the Brookside Women's Club, who shames the sheriff into action, who rallies her supporters in jail, who packs a pistol in her ample bosom. It is the tall gaunt woman, a replica of Ann Revere, who cuts down the squabbles and gossip with a tight-lipped "I'm not after a man—I'm after a contract." It is the worn, gray-haired mother of a murdered striker, seated next to his sixteen-year-old widow with their five-month-old infant, who declares, "I want my kids to stand up for their rights and be a union man." Even the filmmaker confronts and conquers the leader of the scabs in a showdown over credentials.

Kopple intercuts UMW and Miners for Democracy history with the strike story, most vividly with an oldster's recalling his childhood as a "breaking boy" working a ten-hour day for six cents an hour, and the strike that won eight cents an hour and taught him that "if you stuck together you could defeat them: the politicians, the union officials, and the Catholic hierarchy working with the companies." There are the company spokesmen dealing with housing with the assurance that "we're planning to upgrade our people into trailers"; describing the women's behavior as "the kind I'd prefer not to see in American women"; and dismissing black-lung victims with the comment that there is no proof that every miner will contract the disease. There are the strikers who go to Wall Street to confront Duke shareholders. There are the union meetings, a rallying of locals, the contract won—and the continuing dissatisfaction. And throughout there are the miners' folk songs providing a trenchant running commentary on the constant confrontations of the miner's life.

There is laughter and sorrow and a tremendous exhilaration in Kopple's work, its fulfillment the transmission of concern and involvement. The film's power goes beyond the specific subject of miners, so vital a one, so rarely touched upon by Hollywood—which, however, did give us Paul Muni's performance in *Black Fury*, in 1935, the sentimental gray grit of *How Green Was My Valley*, in 1941, and the Technicolor melodramatics of *The Molly Maguires*, in 1970. There has been no satisfying labor film since the American-made *On the Waterfront*, in 1954, or the imports of *The Organizer*, in 1964, and *Joe Hill*, in 1971. Kopple's major accomplishment is her revitalization of social juices long dormant for those of us who were radicals and unionists in our youth, only

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after a long period of decline, is growing—and growing younger. Lewis had joined with the operators, in 1950, to foster mechanization as a means of bringing down the cost of coal and keeping it from losing all its markets to oil and natural gas. But the price in squeezed-out manpower was high. The union, once a half-million strong, shrank to 92,000 working miners in 1964.

THE energy crisis is changing all that. More men—and for the first time, women—are needed (even though half the country's coal is now being gouged from surface pits by huge power shovels, as much as fifteen stories high, that can ravage the countryside in minutes). The union's working membership has rebounded to 150,000, and half the members are now under thirty-five. Many of them are Vietnam veterans, some are college trained; and nearly all are impatient with orders, in the mine or in the union.

The Boyle administration's dictatorial policies and slack contract enforcement brought an insurrection in 1969, but Jock Yablonski, who led the insurgent forces, was counted out in a rigged election. When he challenged the vote, hired thugs shotgunned him to death along with his wife and daughter. That galvanized an indifferent U.S. Labor Department into court action. A new election was ordered. It was held in 1972, and this time victory went to a "Miners for Democracy" slate led by three rank-and-filers.

But the triumph of democracy has brought more anarchy than stability to the United Mine Workers, even though the union's 1974 contract produced economic gains far beyond those won that year by any other major union and gave it significant new authority in the all-important area of mine safety. Its three new officers—Arnold Miller, Mike Trbovich, and Harry Patrick—are no longer on speaking terms. Patrick, the secretary-treasurer, has announced his intention of seeking to unseat Miller as president in new elections this June; Trbovich, the vice-president, is backing Lee Roy Patterson, a Boyle loyalist; and this three-way split has given the old machine a strong chance of recapturing dominance.

Meanwhile, wildcat strikes have saddled the union with damage suits that could wipe out its treasury, but no one on the rudderless executive board is in a position to call for more responsible action. Instead, the union will probably seek to institutionalize irresponsibility by demanding that each union local have the right to strike by majority vote rather than be bound to the arbitration provisions of the established grievance machinery. Such a demand will almost certainly mean another long, nationwide strike when the present contract expires at the end of this year.

Is the answer to give up on democracy? The miners think not. Even less do they think that the answer is to give up on their union. The accident rate in the deep mines is still more than triple the national industrial average, despite the passage in 1969 of a strong new federal mine-safety law. Ownership is increasingly remote from the mine-head, with the oil companies now the principal proprietors of the industry that is supposedly their chief competitor. "The company never gives you something for nothing," remains the miner's creed. And so long as the miner feels that way, he will fight for the union even while he is fighting within it. ◉



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Providence—*"Total artifice and cold intellectual appeal."*

to become cynics and conservatives in our middle age. Hers is a reminder that there cannot be neutrals—anywhere.

IN COMPLETE contrast, there is the total artifice and cold intellectual appeal of Alain Resnais's *Providence*, the first English-language film by the creator of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, *Last Year at Marienbad*, *Muriel*, *La Guerre Est Finie*, *Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime*, and, in 1974, *Stavisky*. With varying success, Resnais has proved himself among the most adventurous of film artists, and certainly his present concept confirms it. Unfortunately, he has chosen as his collaborator for this exploration of what might best be termed a creative nightmare David Mercer, the British playwright who last gave the screen *Morgan!*, based on his own play. In his first "original" screenplay, Mercer proves himself suffering major indigestion with the dialogue styles of Wilde, Coward, and Pinter; and it is indeed the English language itself—however eloquently declaimed by Sir John Gielgud and Dirk Bogarde—that is the stumbling block.

But be not disencouraged. Were it the proverbial telephone book that Gielgud was reciting, he would still be riveting in performance, and Bogarde, in his maturity, is equally enthralling.

The concept is an intriguing one, virtually a tour de force—and while it may not be cricket to disclose the turnabout, it is, I think, essential to hint at it in order to make the three quarters of the film that precede it tolerable. As we make our way through the wooded grounds of an estate—Providence—we encounter Gielgud on the eve of his seventy-eighth birthday, a novelist of some repute, stricken with a painful and apparently fatal disease, surviving a night of anguish with drink and composition of what may well be his last novel.

In intermittent sequences, separated by fantasies of a huge stadium encampment where the aged are brought for extermination, he envisions the disintegrating marriage of his stuffed-shirt son and girlish daughter-in-law, a domestic triangle developing with the intrusion of an idealist, and interludes between his son and his mistress, a woman who resembles the novelist's dead wife. His contempt for his son, a cold-blooded prosecutor, his guilt for his neglect of his family and his wife's suicide, his affection and sympathy for his daughter-in-law, all become apparent as he manipulates these "characters," between bouts of physical pain and terrible intimations of mortality. Then, with the new day, on the sunlit terrace, his family—son, daughter-in-law, and the idealist, described as "my one bastard"—gathers to celebrate his birthday and to offer the realities of relationships.

IT IS Resnais's vision that holds the attention: the suggestion and shadow of environment, the lurking terrors of the night, the quicksilver changes of character from flesh and blood to puppetry, the foisting of the narrator's suspicions and self-hatreds upon others. And it is Gielgud's civilized tone, the self-mockery leavening the bitterness, that enthralls and delights the ear, complemented by Bogarde's icy righteousness as the son, and his refusal to yield to emotional pulls.

Beyond these two, the casting is unfortunate, simply because Mercer's dialogue is so over-stylized that it is ultimately nothing more than mechanized banality, beyond redemption by such "naturalistic" performers as Ellen Burstyn, as the wife; Elaine Stritch, as the mistress/mother figure; and David Warner, as the bastard. Burstyn and Stritch are far too American for the sort of Wildean drawing-room verbal badminton Mercer has attempted; Warner, too much the "Morganish" simian to be anything but cloddish when he is meant to be simple—although in the relaxation of the family epilogue he and Burstyn are quite charmingly themselves. Burstyn is a fine actress, but no Delphine Seyrig, and cannot cope with "this huge, huge sense of spiritual emptiness" or nonsense like "He saw me as I saw myself, which was a reflection of how others saw me."

The dialogue becomes obvious, tedious, and intolerable in its stilted wordplay: "You have inner peace," "You have inner stagnation"; "Some people might say you're your own worst enemy, but I think you're your only best friend," on and on. And ultimately, with forays into the scatology of the novelist's ailments, the repetition and thereby the portentousness of the extermination-camp scenes and the recurrent land- and skyscapes combine to put a heavy-handed contrivance on what, in less self-conscious writing, would have been a tantalizing vision. In the last quarter there is a straightforwardness that is a blessed relief and refreshment. But as Gielgud says early on: "If one has led a fatuous life one must have fatuous nightmares." As for Resnais—even a fatuous screenplay can become intermittently interesting in his hands. ◉



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# Fine Arts

## American Drawings: A Salute

by Katharine Kuh

THERE is no doubt that the great French draftsmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries towered over most of their contemporaries elsewhere. Watteau, Fragonard, Ingres, Degas, Lautrec, Seurat, to mention a few giants, were such consummate masters as to defy comparison. Where else at that time could one find a similar tradition based on an almost visceral sense of invention fortified by dazzling technique? In our own country we have paid scant attention to indigenous drawings, except occasionally those by recognized artists of recent years. In fact, this medium has scarcely been discussed here, though widely practiced, which makes all the more memorable a current exhibition called "American Master Drawings and Watercolors," now on view through April 17 at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. Earlier seen at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and the Whitney Museum in New York, the show includes over 240 works, dating from the seventeenth century until today, and represents the first major survey of this material ever organized.

Even the most passionate patriot will not claim that these drawings rival their French counterparts, which, to be sure, were often their influential forerunners. If we miss the brilliance of European draftsmanship, we do, however, find a disarming innocence at once romantic and direct, a freedom from pretense, an affectionate salute to the land itself, and above all, a wide range of interests. Nature in its wildest manifestations was recorded no more attentively than were modest, even trivial objects. Artists sketched America's mountains, rivers, and vast open vistas; they celebrated waterfalls and oceans; but at the same time they honored humbler sights. From Raphaelle Peale's rack of torn papers, invitations, and theater stubs to Eakins's "Drawing of a Lathe" and Sheeler's carefully delineated telephone, ironically called "Self Portrait," this respect for the facts of daily life persisted.

The survey is so inclusive that to de-

Soldier on Horseback by Winslow Homer. Collection, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

*"Energized by a vividly fleeting hand."*



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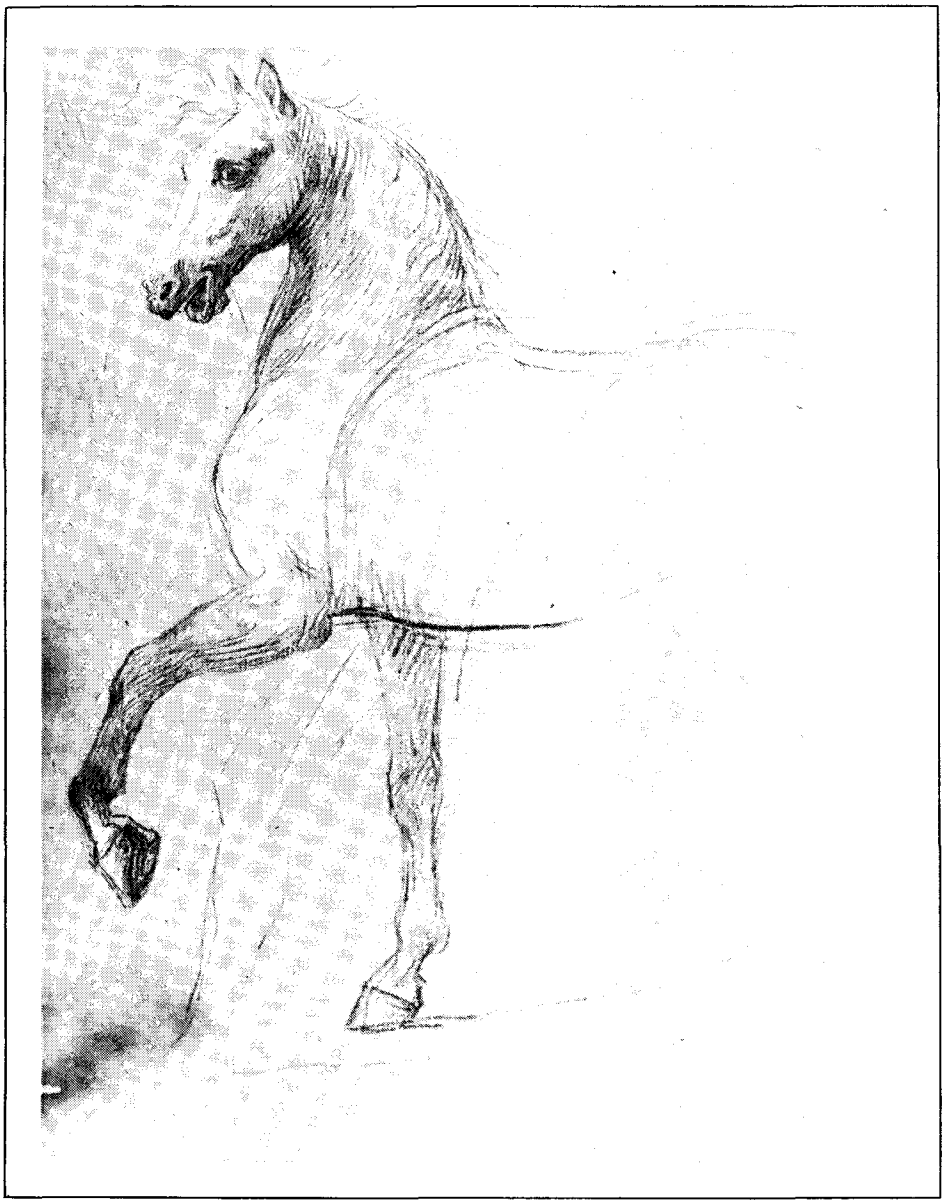

Study of a Horse by John Copley. Collection, Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Mass.

*"Handled line with masterly assurance."*

scribe it is to trace the development of American art from Colonial times until the present. What makes it especially interesting are various unexpected upsets, for drawings and watercolors are apt to disclose more about the people who made them than finished paintings do. The show is revealing both as a barometer of our volatile national temperament and as a vehicle supplying new insights into the work of often familiar artists. The spontaneous intimacy of a drawing can unlock more information than the most meticulous painting. In a word, the artist has let his hair down, exposing himself at an unguarded moment.

Moreover, many little-known names, some of them totally unknown to me, are included; and not as afterthoughts, but as enlightening extensions. I think with pleasure of the seventeenth-century Dutchman Jasper Danckaerts, who produced panoramic views of New York that, if only for their delicacy and spaciousness, are not readily forgotten. Later, in the early nineteenth century, John Rubens Smith (whose name alone is a work of art) left England to settle in this country and become one of our leading drawing teachers. He is represented in the exhibition by a topical watercolor, "St. George's Church after the Fire of January 5, 1814," a New York scene delightful for its dramatic detail. Even a work as recent as 1970 introduced a hitherto unknown artist to me, Vija Celmins, whose "Ocean Image," done in graphite and acrylic spray, presents a view of viscous water propelled by some strange interior force. The antithesis of the usual sea scene, this one is shrouded in silence.

It is, of course, no surprise that European influences proliferated in America, though the domination has largely evaporated in recent years. The tables have, in fact, been turned. Previously, however, Dutch, English, German, Spanish, and French taste overwhelmed, even cowed, artists of the New World. Paradoxically, it was sometimes the most distinguished painters from abroad who became our worst problems. When we turned for inspiration to stars like Claude Lorrain, Ingres, or Turner, few Americans could adapt themselves to such sophisticated vision and, as a result, tended toward either awkward or slick imitation. The more directly artists of this country reacted to their own environment, the less they abnegated a personal way of seeing—the more convincing was their work. Repeatedly, it was homegrown subjects that stimulated deeply felt responses. Take for example the case of Nicolino Calyo, born in Malta and trained in Italy, who after some years in New York was able to interpret his surroundings with a newfound freedom. His gouache of the "Merchant's Exchange in the Fire of December 1835" is filled with an excitement typical of the exuberance with which many transplanted artists reacted to America. Fire was often an engrossing theme in the first half of the nineteenth century, when so much was still built from wood in this country. Fitz Hugh Lane, an outstanding marine painter, produced a little-known watercolor (borrowed from the Cape Ann Historical Association, Gloucester, Massachusetts) that seems to sum up in one mad apparition the whole mystique of romantic folk art. Depicting the "Burning of the Packet Ship Boston," the picture rejects all classical elegance, all restrained generalities, and instead is concerned with an explosive, eccentric, theatrical gusto for the episodic—in short, America at its brashest.

The Orient made less imprint than Europe on the United States, and what influence it did have came relatively late. Artists preoccupied with line were especially susceptible. Then, too, art of the East, because of its very nature—often recessive and fugitive—was rarely insistent. Such painters as Whistler, Mark Tobey, and Morris Graves, all of whom freely acknowledged a debt to the Orient were able to integrate its impact without succumbing to it. The latter two spent time in the East and frequently based their work on calligraphic webs of line, whereas



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Whistler bowed to the fragility of Japanese design.

Until the present exhibition, drawing has seldom seemed a cornerstone of American art. Watercolors, yes; but not line. And watercolors do shine in this show, possibly due to a pre-pollution period when light bathed the land in undiminished radiance. Clear, pure, and sharp, American light evokes a curious optimism, a hardness rarely found in the sensuous surfaces of Gallic art. John Marin, who drew more persuasively with watercolor brushes than with pencil, pen, or charcoal, is a case in point. If it were merely color he needed, then his oil paintings might have equaled the intensity of his works on paper, but this was rarely true. He gravitated intuitively toward a medium that, because of its rapidity, made possible the brand of edgy draftsmanship he preferred, a brand that eventually freed itself from all foreign echoes. Marin's watercolors, sometimes considered the best America has produced, are based on stabbing brush strokes that turn into linear scaffolding for color-drenched sea- and landscapes.

Though Homer and Sargent were agile draftsmen, their watercolors are often more evocative than their black-and-white drawings. However, one long-held theory put to rest is the idea that Homer's early drawings were always tightly detailed illustrations. His charcoal and white-chalk "Soldier on Horseback," done in 1863, was energized by a vividly fleeting hand. Homer used his watercolor brush not for staccato emphasis, as Marin was to do later, but with a rhythmic economy that occasioned some of this country's most limpid seascapes. In his watercolors, line and color coalesce. With Sargent the division was sharper, linear contours often remaining visible and even independent of the transparent color he manipulated with verve. In any case, these three men—Homer, Sargent, and Marin—commonly considered America's top watercolorists, here show themselves in various familiar and unfamiliar guises.

It is these oblique sidelights leading to reevaluations that give the exhibition its unique thrust. Consider such famous national standbys as John Trumbull, John Vanderlyn, and Washington Allston, many of whose paintings I find dull. Their drawings, notably those of Trumbull and Allston, are far less conventional. Compared with Trumbull's rather heavy-handed historical murals, his delicate line-and-chalk studies demonstrate an unexpected poetry so graceful that reassessments are obligatory. And Allston's phosphorescent "Ship in a Squall," dashed on a dark background with white chalk, is a far cry from his sometimes stolid oils. Here a ghostly scene escapes reality to shimmer in tenuous light. Even Andrew Wyeth's pencil study "Farm Wagons" makes us wonder why this artist ever turned to color. His line is pure, lucid, and honest, suggesting that he might have spared us the drab sentimentality of his finished watercolors, several of which are also included.

It seems that certain artists are at their best when least ambitious, or to put it differently, some are more capable of intimate than epic statements. Conversely, a painter like Mark Rothko, whose mature work is not only large in scale but heroic in concept, emerges as a curiously inept draftsman. An early watercolor from 1945 demonstrates how poorly line served him and may explain why he deliberately avoided it in his later canvases, depending entirely on color once he had found his own way.

IF THERE are surprises in the show, there are also confirmations. In many cases the greatest painters are accomplished draftsmen as well. From his anatomical studies, to a luminous pastel, "Self-Portrait," John Copley handled line with masterly assurance to rise above his American contemporaries both in technical control and in the intensity of his vision. Copley, who often based his canvases on careful preliminary draftsmanship, is represented by several fine drawings, but there are none by Gilbert Stuart. Because Stuart relied on a direct, swift technique for his oil portraits, he did not need preparatory sketches. His contemporary, Rembrandt Peale, on the other hand, specialized in serious portrait drawings; and the show even boasts an excellent likeness of his brother-in-law in pencil and charcoal by, of all people, John James Audubon, who is, of course, chiefly remembered for his studies of birds. The survey is a constant reminder that to know a man only through his more familiar works is not to know him fully. For who could have anticipated a large, traditional charcoal drawing of the Venus de Milo by William Harnett, dean of small trompe l'oeil still lifes?

For me, the contemporary drawings are less interesting than the rest of the show, possibly because the number of American draftsmen has increased immeasurably, making it difficult to single out individual artists or trends without the perspective of time. Most of the better-known modern names are included. What one misses are the offbeat, behind-the-scenes examples that are so plentiful in the earlier sections of the exhibition.

The choice of drawings was made by Theodore E. Stebbins, Jr., professor of art history at Yale, whose depth of understanding appears equal to his encyclopedic knowledge. He has put together a landmark event. More important than the exhibition is his definitive book on the subject, also called *American Master Drawings and Watercolors*, which was sponsored by The Drawing Society, an organization dedicated to the thesis that "drawing is the foundation of the visual arts." The volume, published by Harper & Row, acts as a catalog for the exhibition but also goes far beyond that to become a permanent compendium of invaluable information about American drawings, a book that might never have been produced without The Drawing Society's initiative and backing. In addition, two other institutions cooperated to make the exhibition possible, underlining once again how interaction between private and public agencies is invigorating present-day life. Organized by the American Federation of Arts, the show is supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. This three-way undertaking of book and exhibit is a reassuring indication that democratically backed art can be viable, scholarly, and highly enjoyable. ◉

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**Wit Twister No. 91**

Edited by Arthur Swan

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 62.*

Part _ _ _ _ _ _, part
woman, Circe soon enticed

Ulysses' men, for whom their _ _
_ _ _ _ spiced

With high _ _ _ _ _ _ her
reddest, _ _ _ _ _ _
wine.

When _ _ _ _ _ _ seemed
treats, the crew had changed to
swine

And felt the herdsman's _ _ _
_ _ _ till Mercury,

For once a _ _ _ _ _ _ of
mercy, set them free.

Contributed by Ernst T. Theimer, Rumson, N.J.



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# Theater

## The Last Gentleman-Actor?

by Gordon Rogoff

THE Gentleman-Actor is a disappearing breed, almost as extinct now as a lively production of a play by Bernard Shaw. Perhaps the one cannot survive without the other—a bitter joke the century is playing on Shaw. Fortunately, Rex Harrison is still with us. Seen at the Kennedy Center in Washington, on his way to Broadway in Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, he was only beginning to pad his way into the cushioned suite in Claridges cleverly disguised by Shaw (if not by set designer Ming Cho Lee) to look like Egypt. I have no doubt that Harrison would be instructive about acting even at a first reading. In the middle stages of shaping a production, he is a textbook. Like so many Gentleman-Actors before him—one thinks of Clive Brook, Leslie Howard, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Noel Coward, and Americans such as Claude Rains; as well as William Powell in movies, and yes, Fred Astaire—Harrison does everything with an ease and grace that makes much of the public confuse his stage presence with real life. Even if the bones don't show, however, it is acting just the same, and very good acting indeed.

His range sets deliberate limits. Harrison will never be Lear, thank God. He might have tried a Benedick once, but save for the lapse of Pirandello's Henry IV, he has known his place and held his throne. Great actors of another type, such as Olivier, Gielgud, Richardson, and Scofield—though more versatile—have rarely, if ever, attempted Shaw. When they have, the result has been less than their best. Shaw doesn't descend to the mines, where grubby, domestic feelings might be found. Nor does he fly into rarefied, existential space. He was writing in this case for a gentleman who had, as Cleopatra tells Caesar, "a nice voice." All very well for Harrison, but for the vaulting, soiled, grainy voice of Olivier, the description would never fit. Sir Laurence's Caesar (to Vivien Leigh's Cleopatra) was muted, subdued, ever the well-tempered accompanist champing at the bit to play his dark, expansive, Mahlerian Antony-music. And he was anything but nice. Surely Olivier is the more prodigious, thrilling, and dangerous actor, but Harrison is the more naturally gifted.

*Rex Harrison as Shaw's Caesar—"His face is a map of unanswered questions."*

He is also a better Shavian than when he played Higgins as glamorized by Lerner and Loewe. Abrasive, edgy, and not so wedded to charm, he would be more suited to Shaw's Higgins than to L. and L.'s. As Caesar, his face is a map of unanswered questions, weirdly resembling Bert Lahr's, the haunted clown inside of him at last permitted to emerge through lidded eyes and knobby nose. Hands calmly folded behind his back much of the time, even when he asks the big questions—"What have I to do with resentment?"—he sniffs the air impatiently, signaling a refusal to be trapped by useless certainties. Harrison is what Shaw meant by "a classical actor," referring then to Forbes-Robertson, for whom he was to create so many leading roles, including Caesar. "What I mean by classical," he wrote, "is that he can present a dramatic hero as a man whose passions are those which produced the philosophy, the poetry, the art, and the statecraft of the world, and not merely those which have produced its weddings, coroners' inquests, and executions." Harrison adds sensuality to statecraft, which saves Shaw from himself. Yet he also breathes intelligence, even into the one and only kiss he gives Cleopatra in their farewell embrace.

HARRISON kisses his Cleopatra (Elizabeth Ashley) on the mouth, rather than on the forehead as prescribed by Shaw in the text. This might be his way of underscoring the softer side of Shaw, which was reserved, as a rule, for letters to actresses such as Ellen Terry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell (who, to Shaw's regret, performed the role of Cleopatra only in the copyright production in Newcastle). His advice to Mrs. Campbell was that his plays "must be acted, and acted hard." In Washington, the company was about as soft as they come, but it couldn't have been easy for the actors to find a Shavian profile for themselves when so much of the text had been cut by their original director. Since I saw the production, however, Ellis Rabb has taken over as director, and he is reported to have restored the lost material—a promising sign for New York.

Shaw knew what he wanted, and heaven

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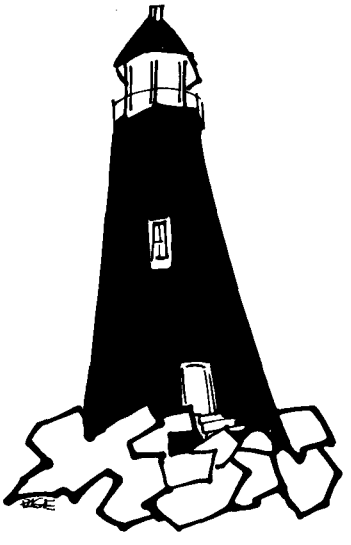
help the director who lacks the bounce to make it happen. To Mrs. Campbell, he added that his plays "need a sort of bustle and crepitation of life which requires extraordinary energy and vitality, and gives only glimpses and movements of the poetry beneath." Harrison is master of the glimpses, and with Rabb to assist him and the other actors, perhaps he no longer has to go it alone. Shaw isn't really kind to modern actors. His bustle transmutes all too easily into fussiness, and his energy can be unintentionally made to look like peevishness. A company has to be robust in spirit and unscrambled in brains. Like Harrison.

Shaw isn't really kind to designers, either. He tells them to dress the stage and the actors for Cleopatra's Egypt, and then he fails to write *Aida*. Shaw makes room for talk, not crowds. Oddly, Ming Cho Lee didn't make room for either. The stage in Washington looked like a CinemaScope screen, all width and no dimension. It couldn't have been a matter of budget, since Jane Greenwood had designed a new frock (and I do mean frock) for every new appearance of Miss Ashley, and Novella Nelson's Ftatateeta couldn't mount steps without gathering up what looked like the whole of New York City's garment center into her formidable arms.

Shaw wanted "a man with energy enough to bring up my plays to concert pitch." In the best—and I suppose the last—of our Gentleman-Actors, he has found his man. Concert pitch is something that Rex Harrison, as we know, can teach to musicians. By now, I hope, Shaw has also found his Gentleman-Director, someone almost as smart as he was, with at least half his grit, thrust, and passionate joy. ◉



# Music to My Ears

## A Prophetic "Prophète"

by Irving Kolodin

THE first production of Giacomo Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* at the Metropolitan in half a century is not short of strong singing, a tribute to the presence of Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, and James McCracken. But it is also long on some things less expectable: spectacle, theatrical credibility, a move toward a new staging of opera at the Lincoln Center Metropolitan. Here the credit belongs to Peter Wexler as designer and to John Dexter as producer.

To praise a production of an opera rich in association with such eminent singers as Jean de Reszke, Enrico Caruso, Claudia Muzio, Margarete Matzenauer, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, and Karin Branzell for its theatrical values may strike some as a sinister, or left-handed, compliment. But when the opera is *Le Prophète* and the composer is Meyerbeer, there are associations of another sort.

After all, if Meyerbeer is not the originator of operatic spectacle (Rossini owns that distinction), he is its foremost embodiment. Opera, after such works of his as *Le Prophète*, was never quite the same. Berlioz found fault with him, Wagner thought him blatant, and Verdi was not a truly warm admirer. But each acted on some initiative or other of Meyerbeer, and none would have accomplished a life's work so much to his credit had it not been for a *Prophète* and a *Huguenots*.

What Dexter and Wexler have done is to transform both the dimensions and the formulations of opera as commonly seen at the Metropolitan by hoisting the famous gold curtain out of sight, raising the stage opening many feet above its normal height, and enlarging the breadth of the stage picture by distributing action away from dead center. They have also brought the scene closer to the audience by extending the front of the stage a foot and covering each end of the orchestra pit to provide playable space. Dexter's long indoctrination in the spoken stage here and abroad has impelled him to coach each chorus member to perform as an individual, a necessity in a work in which the chorus plays so conspicuous a part. This objective is also enhanced by Wexler's colorful, well-conceived costuming.

Some will doubtless complain about a lack of locality in Wexler's towering unit set. A semicircular series of wooden arches and frames that rise as high as the uncommonly elevated stage opening, it is visible from start to finish, serving unequally the needs of a tavern, an encampment, a city square, a prison, a palace. There it is, and there it stands, like a segment of the Colosseum. What it needs, desperately, is a series of projections to replace generalized space with specific place.

That would complete the affirmative aspects of the Dexter–Wexler arrangement, which enables Meyerbeer's always ingenious treatment of Eugène Scribe's five-act libretto to be performed with only two breaks. Vital to the accomplishment of this objective is a series of low-slung, high-wheeled platforms suggesting farm wagons of the period (early sixteenth century). Proper projections from slides or film would have completed a prophetic view to the future of what could be done with the Met's confining stage walls on behalf of such a backward-looking musi-

J. Heffernan
*Marilyn Horne—"A new high point."*

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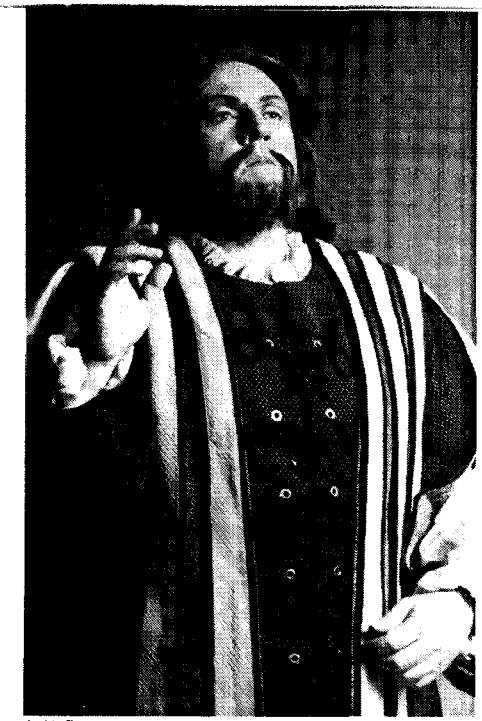
cal subject as *Le Prophète*, which had its premiere in Paris in 1849.

This look to the past focuses on a time when the great singers specialized in not being specialists. They sang high or low, fast or slow, loud or soft, with equal ease and artistry: and what is today called coloratura was expected of every properly qualified performer, male as well as female. This is so different from today's conditioning that a Carmen who undertakes to sing Fidès (mother of the non-bridegroom, Jean), a Mimi who ventures the requirements of Berthe (the non-bride whose life is thereafter blighted), or a good Otello who accepts the challenge of Jean (the non-bridegroom who becomes a prophet instead) is undertaking adjustments of range, output, and flexibility that are, at the least, unsettling.

As a Carmen who made herself into Fidès, Horne reached a new high point in a career already notable for them; as a Mimi transformed into Berthe, Renata Scotto went well beyond the kind of vocal adjustment she demonstrated as Leonora in Verdi's *Il Trovatore* some weeks ago; and as an Otello become Jean de Leyde (John of Leyden), McCracken was not merely reshaped visually, but in several ways remade vocally.

All have distances, large or small, between themselves and the imaginable standard of excellence in this demanding music. Eventually—in the exacting sequence of solos, duets, and trios in Act V—each abandoned constraint, to give evidence of what may be expected from them with playing and replaying. Horne, with her range of two octaves plus, is already very close to a memorable characterization; Scotto has all of the temperament and much of the voice for Berthe; and McCracken's strong effort would be improved if he did away with some curiously flabby head tones.

As the three Anabaptists who perceive in the farm boy, Jean, a striking likeness to the Christ figure in the cathedral of Münster and make him an instrument of their rebellious purpose, Jerome Hines was a Zacharie of imposing stature, and now dry, depleted voice; Raimund Herincx was excellent in his debut as Mathisen; and Frank Little sufficed as Jonas. I would have preferred a stronger-sounding Comte d'Oberthal than Morley Meredith. However, his part was abridged, as were several other aspects of the long, long score; especially the fine skating ballet (whose highly danceable music is independently famous as *Les Patineurs*). At the head of it all, Henry



J. Heffernan

*James McCracken—"Reshaped visually."*

Lewis as conductor showed the competence, the understanding, and the energy to convert a promising beginning into a lasting success.

GIDON KREMER, regarded by some as the Soviet Union's outstanding young violinist, brought two orders of aptitude to his American debut recital in Avery Fisher Hall. To the neck and shoulders, he is an uncommonly adept technician, with a fine singing sound, a refined sense of violinistic manipulation, and almost infallibly pure intonation. The head on those shoulders is not yet settled on how and where to put his abilities to their best use.

This is not because Kremer is a dedicated virtuoso, but rather because he is not. A performer who chooses to make his debut with the unaccompanied *Elégie* of Stravinsky and follows it with the fourth sonata of Ives, a Bach partita (No. 1, in B minor), and the G-major Sonata (No. 10, Opus 96) of Beethoven can only be commended for what he has derived from the late David Oistrakh, one of Kremer's major influences. But to follow the long Bach partita with the same composer's *Chaconne*, as an encore, is to confuse excess with generosity.

There were also evidences that fine violinistic execution rates a little higher on Kremer's present scale of values than does penetration to the essence of what he performs. Or perhaps the need is to make overt what is presently only innate in his nature. He had, in Xenia Knorre, an uncommonly accomplished pianist who made her presence felt in both the Ives and the Beethoven. Indeed, in the latter, which Kremer performed with due gravity, Miss Knorre attacked the piano with such breadth as to suggest that Kremer was playing the notes, and she was interpreting the opus number.

The kind of music-making that is dignified by being called "old-fashioned" gave an audience that had decided to visit Carnegie Hall on a snowy afternoon, to hear a concert by the American Symphony Orchestra, a sense of satisfaction with its choice. The collaborators in the part I heard were conductor Sergiu Comissiona and pianist Sylvie Carbonel in Liszt's *Todtentanz*.

This work, based on the medieval chant *Dies irae*, is Liszt at his most dynamic, a notoriously difficult pair of handfuls for the most prodigious pianist (a Siloti of yesterday; a Bolet, a Michelangeli, an Andre Watts, or an Earl Wild of today). Miss Carbonel, a native of France and a graduate with top honors from the Paris Conservatory, asked for no quarter in her choice of repertory for a New York debut and she required none for a performance whose vitality, assurance, and musicality went straight to the heart of the work's needs. A wrong note here or there did not deflect from the impact of a powerful technic, purposefully employed. With what she has, Miss Carbonel should go far. Comissiona followed with a vividly compelling performance of Zoltán Kodály's *Háry János*.

The power in the art of Roland Hayes who died recently, in his ninetieth year came not from his throat but from his heart and mind. The first Negro to rise from the shadow of servitude to acclaim as an interpreter of the most demanding classics, Hayes conquered by the eloquence, conviction, and insight that he poured no less into Wolf's "Benedeit die Sel'ge Mutter" than into such a spiritua as "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?"

The names of such composers as Handel, Bach, Brahms, Fauré, and Debussy proclaimed the nature of the tenor's artistry on every program he performed On one occasion, in March 1920, an added name on his program for a concer in Philadelphia's Academy of Music pro claimed the nature of the man and the leader of his people that he was. It was that of an eighteen-year-old mezzo-soprano who caused the critic of the Philadelphia *Ledger* to write of the unfamiliar performer: "Marian Anderson . . . made a profound impression." ◉



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# Dance

## A Ballet for All Seasons

by Walter Terry

WHOEVER said that *The Nutcracker* had to be a Christmastime ballet? I saw it first at its U.S. premiere, presented by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo on October 17, 1940, in New York City. The newest major production of *The Nutcracker* will be given its New York premiere this spring by the American Ballet Theatre during a seven-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House (from April 18 to June 4). And how many remember that the New York City Ballet's *Nutcracker*, a Christmas staple until this year (when a strike caused its cancellation)—and certainly the most famous American production of the great nineteenth-century classic of Petipa and Ivanov—was first offered (at the old City Center) in February?

The American Ballet Theatre's *Nutcracker* did, in truth, have its world premiere at Christmas (December 21, 1976), at Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., but it is clear from the ABT's schedule that the work is not to be merely a yuletide gift for moppets and their pops and moms. In fact, there are no child dancers in this wholly new version (Vasily Vainonen's "snowflakes" scene excepted) choreographed by the company's great star Mikhail Baryshnikov. In further fact, there are no little Claras, no little Princes, no Sugar-Plum Fairy. Clara is a teen-ager, quite ready for adult romance, and the Nutcracker-Prince is quite mature enough to introduce her to amorous dalliance.

Oh, you will not be disappointed—it is a superb ballet—for Baryshnikov has retained the magic, the wonder, and even the fairyland quality. But simple fancy has been extended into fantasy here, and we see a dream trembling on the threshold of reality. Thus, old Drosselmeyer not only does his magical tricks for the children, transforming dolls into dancing figures and giving Clara a nutcracker doll, but he himself becomes the catalytic agent that links dreams with fact. He is not discarded after Act I, as he usually is, but returns near the close of Act II, in the middle of the great romantic pas de deux for Clara and her prince, to warn Clara that she is dreaming. He makes no decision for her. He awakens her not from sleep but from childhood.

NOT only is Baryshnikov's concept of the ballet book attractive to the adult mind, but it in no way interferes with those aspects of *The Nutcracker*—the magically growing Christmas tree, the party scene with children (played by adult dancers), the mice, the toy soldiers and the like—that the youngsters in audiences enjoy most. The set dances are beautifully choreographed, neat, tidy patterns of considerable originality (though without contrivances), set comfortably—and with surprising simplicity—to the Tchaikovsky

*Baryshnikov, Tcherkassky, and Minz in* The Nutcracker—*"A dream trembling on the threshold of reality."*

Photographs: Martha Swope

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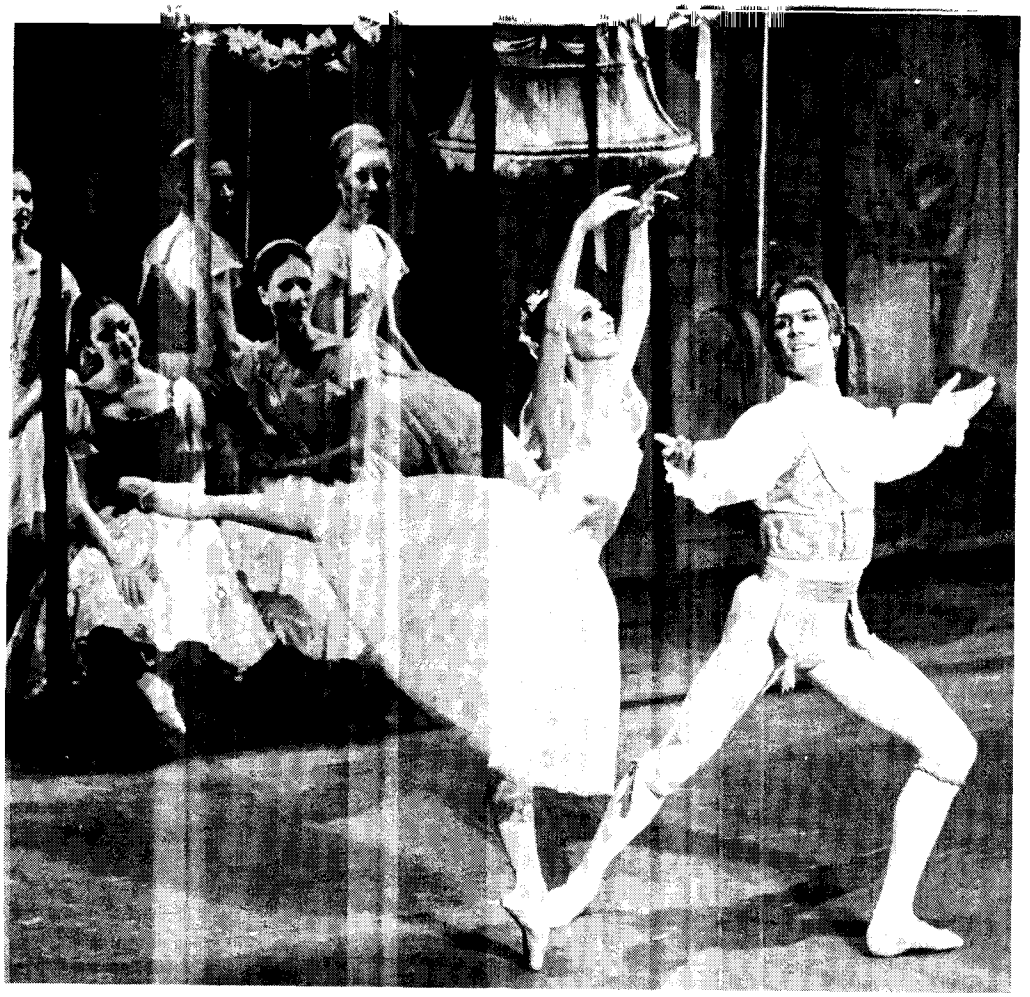

*Tcherkassky and Ward in* Coppélia—*"A new ballet team in the making?"*

music. Certainly, the doll dances at the party scene are the best I have ever come across (since 1940!).

Baryshnikov himself danced the role of the Nutcracker-Prince at the premiere, with Marianna Tcherkassky as Clara and Alexander Minz as Drosselmeyer, and each was brilliant in a special way: Baryshnikov as a glittering dream prince; Tcherkassky as a synthesis of every lovely girl with lovely dreams; and Minz, in a mime role, mysterious, scary perhaps, knowing, and fateful. Boris Aronson's spare and somewhat dingy-hued decors were not successful (though not really damaging), but Frank Thompson's costumes were just right for a great new year-round *Nutcracker*.

THE ABT, for its winter engagement at the City Center 55th Street Theater in New York, played only two programs: the three-act *Coppélia* (often used by companies as a holiday-time ballet) and the two-act romantic classic *Giselle*. The run opened with *Coppélia*, which was especially significant, for it marked the return of Cynthia Gregory, the company's major American prima ballerina, to the New York stage following her retirement a year ago for a brief turn at total domesticity. (She got restless and came back.) The audience gave her an extended welcoming ovation, and she thanked her greeters not only with modest bows (in character with Swanilda, the ballet's heroine), but also with a dazzling performance.

There were many exhilarating cast changes, with fascinating variations of characterization in the key roles of Swanilda and Franz. I especially liked Miss Tcherkassky with Charles Ward, for not only did they dance with fine brio, but they acted their roles with vivacity and a delicious (broad but fun) flair. A new ballet team in the making? Fernando Bujones also gave a winning portrayal as Franz, displaying his quite amazing prowess with taste and showing a new and most welcome graciousness onstage toward his partner, his colleagues, and his audience. Yoko Morishita danced with Bujones and fairly illuminated the stage with her piquant presence and a virtuosity as astonishing as her partner's.

Martine van Hamel, who is presently enjoying popularity with a small but ardent balletomane cult, tried Swanilda, but the result was big, terribly bland, physically strong, and nil on the acting side. Watching her through two acts (I couldn't face a third), I kept remembering that in 1870, when *Coppélia* had its world premiere in Paris, the role of Franz was danced by a female dancer *en travesti* (as was the custom in late-nineteenth-century ballet), and it seemed that the sturdy, stolid Van Hamel might have made a better Franz than she did a dainty Swanilda. But Enrique Martinez's updating and restaging of the old Arthur Saint-Léon comedy-classic is almost foolproof in its clever mixing of lively dances, exuberant humor, and a plot that can be followed all the way.

Just as *The Nutcracker* and *Coppélia* are not necessarily Christmastime ballets merely because they're rich in toy dolls that come alive, neither is the annual Christmas stage show at Radio City Music Hall an entirely seasonal affair. Certainly, the "Nativity" pageant is, but the secular sections are not. This year, the Rockettes performed one of their greatest routines, "The March of the Wooden Soldiers," a Russell Markert precision-dance classic. And Peter Gennaro created a new skating ballet called "Snowflakes" for a revolving stage. It was a knockout number that would be as adorable in June (or anytime) as at Christmas.

There are some supersensitive souls who, rattled or disturbed aesthetically or emotionally by dancers in broad drag seem to feel that Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo should not be permitted to appear during *any* season. The gentlemen, muscled and hairy-chested, put on toe shoes and tutus, elaborate makeup, and a nothing-sacred attitude about ballet and its makers to give the public a laugh. The laughter has been heard, loud and hearty, both at home and abroad. You'll see *Le Lac des Cygnes* (or an unreasonable facsimile thereof); Pavlova's solo, "The Dying Swan" (very much mortalized); Bronislava Nijinska's *Les Biches* (performed in the manner of the word); and other caricatures. Some are hilarious in part (rarely in toto), and some miss (*Les Biches* is too much like the real thing ineptly done), but the irreverent satire on George Balanchine's style in *Go for Baroque* is a hoot. The Trockadero is a blatant combination of too-too and tutu; it's quite harmless and it's often very funny. Give Mme. Olga Tchikaboumskaya (alias Peter Anastor), the prima ballerina and prime choreographer of the troupe, a little more time, and perhaps she (he) will come up with a yule ballet like every other company in America. Inevitably, it will be called *Nuts to You* (or *Drosselmeyer's Drag*). ◉



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# Television

## Bringing Marriage Out of the Closet

by Karl E. Meyer

IT WILL be fascinating to see how American viewers respond to the uncut version of *Scenes from a Marriage*, which begins a six-week run on PBS this month. When the series was first shown on Swedish television, in 1973, the whole country became a kind of extended family. Streets emptied at broadcast time, dinner parties adjourned for the program, parliament debated divorce laws, and marriage counselors reported a surge in business.

As everyone knows, shortly thereafter Bergman began having troubles with the Swedish tax bureaucracy, which led to his self-exile. So unconscionably was he treated that I wonder whether he was being punished for bringing marriage out of the closet and into the midnight sun.

Bergman is by nature a disturber of the peace, and *Scenes*, which he wrote and directed, is a troubling work. It deals with all the little lies and big evasions that are part of every marriage (save those truly made in heaven), yet it is not an attack on the institution. Far from it. Rather, it celebrates a bond so powerful, and so mysterious, that it survives a couple's furious attempt to destroy it.

In abbreviated form, *Scenes from a Marriage* was released as a feature film, and the performances of Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson as Johan and Marianne won acclaim and prizes. However good as a movie, though, *Scenes* left one wondering whether it would be better in its full, six-hour length. We can now find out.

All six episodes will be shown in a competently dubbed English version beginning Wednesday, March 9, at 10:00 P.M. (Eastern Standard Time) on most public stations, with a repeat broadcast in Swedish with English subtitles—giving us the best of both linguistic worlds. Miss Ullmann, as a bonus, will introduce the weekly programs, which will be followed, as an added bonus, by excerpts from a film about Bergman himself.

Having seen half of it, I can report that *Scenes* gains in coherence as a longer work, while losing none of its dramatic force. Johan and Marianne, when we first meet them, are seen as the ideal married couple, and, indeed, they are being interviewed by a women's magazine about the secrets of their success. He is a scientist; she is a divorce lawyer; they have two children and an almost irritating complacency in their well-ordered home.

But Johan and Marianne fool each other as much as they fool their friends. In an episode left out of the movie, we learn that Marianne has become pregnant and that Johan is so detached about her announcement—he hardly looks up from his book while both are in bed—that she decides on an abortion. His obliviousness is all the clearer in an argument the couple have about seeing Ibsen's *A Doll's House*—another exchange left out of the film. Throughout, a hundred vivifying details add depth and fresh meaning.

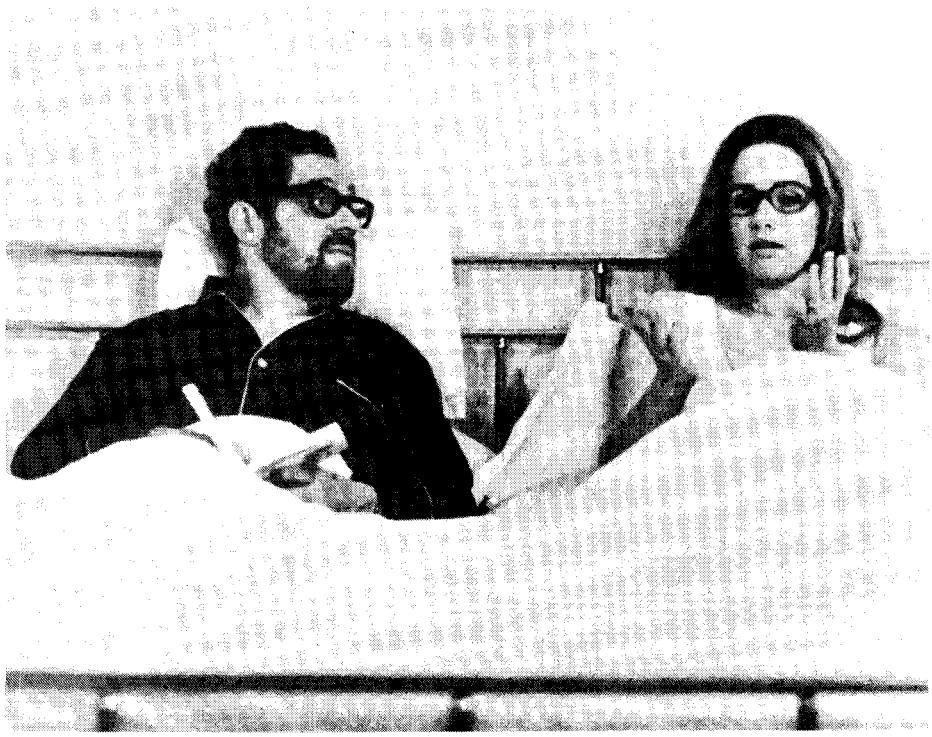
In effect, Bergman has created a modern-day version of the Ibsen play, catching in a sustained and relentless drama all the pressures—sexual, professional, and ideological—that make marriage so perilous an adventure. Each crisis in the marriage has an excruciating reality, as if viewed from the inside out.

It is a work of art and a document at the same time. It made me reflect how rarely we treat marriage with comparable seriousness in the United States. Years ago, Leslie Fiedler remarked in a brilliant book, *Love and Death in the American Novel*, on the failure of our greatest writers to deal in mature terms with heterosexual love.

IN MOVIES and on television there is the same reluctance to deal with marriage, save as a comic turn or in soap operas. We prefer to stress courtship and leave the happily-ever-after unexamined, very much as in children's fairy stories. There is in our fiction no real equivalent to *Madame Bovary*, and in our films nothing quite like *Scenes from a Marriage*.

Perhaps by bringing the matter out of the closet, Bergman will encourage imitation. Why shouldn't the networks commission an American of Bergman's stature to do a six-part film about a couple named John and Mary living in Scarsdale? It is possible that a Francis Ford Coppola, or a Stanley Kubrick, or even an Orson Welles might grab at the chance. ◉

*Erland Josephson and Liv Ullmann—"So detached he hardly looks up."*





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# Booked for Travel

## Hot Time on a Cool Volcano

by Horace Sutton

A NARROW, rutted road struggles through the tangle of kiawe trees and cactus that edge the sea in East Maui, less than half a jet-hour from Honolulu. It is a road to nowhere except for the beaches that scallop the coast. On one side there is the Pacific and on the other the slopes that rise to the 10,000-foot summit of Haleakala, the volcano, hopefully dormant, whose crater could swallow almost all of Manhattan Island.

The fields are green on the southwest slopes of Haleakala—the "House of the Sun"—and, with the cattle standing in the pastures, this Pacific slope is said by some to look like a tableau of a Wisconsin summer. In its lower reaches, though, where the road runs across its apron, Haleakala is untidy volcanic spew left by the eruptions that last tumbled into the sea, hissing and violent, 200 years ago. It is there that the pipes are being laid.

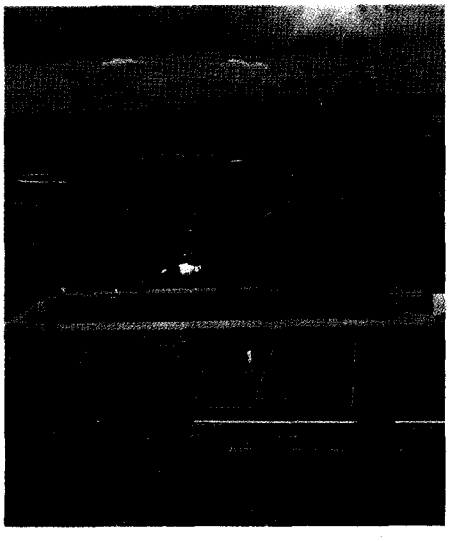
That foretaste of construction marks the commencement of an irrigation system that will transform the bleak, black lava, scruffy and broken, into a green, rolling golf links. The second course, alongside the one already in play in Wailea, will be finished in time for the unveiling of the second hotel, scheduled for January of 1978.

Battleground of nature when the volcano roiled, and of men when Kamehameha set out to conquer the islands, these canted acres, especially on the green upper slopes, have been ranchlands for enterprising—and becalmed—ship's captains; or canefields nurtured by the sons of missionaries. In their latest evolution the lands are being converted into a playland for the overstressed and the overworked whose forebears once sought rejuvenation at the spas of Europe.

The tonic effects of Maui were well-known to the whalers who long ago put in at Lahaina, on the coast of West Maui for rest and rehabilitation after the rigors of the sea. So storied were the pleasures of Maui that a steward aboard the *Maine* having been refused shore leave in Lahaina, laid an ax on the head of his skipper, Captain James Makee, who was thereby obliged to put ashore for stitching.

Makee stayed ashore, and when he had accumulated profits as a merchant he built the Ulupalakua Ranch, "the-place-where-the-breadfruit-ripens." There he raised cattle and cane, while his wife Catherine raised roses, not the least of them the Lokelani, or "Heavenly Rose," now Maui's official flower; its pink shade is Maui's color. Together they entertained King Kalakaua, who put ashore at a landing that Makee had built at Makena. Eighty torchbearers escorted the king and queen along the two-hour procession to the entrance of the ranch.

Kalakaua's reign (*SR*, February 19, 1977), bringing with it a treaty that eliminated the tariff on Hawaiian sugar and coffee, signaled expansion and prosperity to the white islanders. "Island-born sons of the American missionaries spurned the austerity of their parents' circle," writes Paul Bailey in *Those Kings and Queens of Old Hawaii* (Westernlore Press, $11.95). Among those who sought fortune in pref



*Wailea beach (left) and tennis (above)—"A playland for the overstressed."*



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erence to propagating the faith were Samuel T. Alexander and Henry P. Baldwin. Both were working in a sugar mill when, in 1869—Alexander was thirty-three and Baldwin twenty-seven—they bought a dozen acres of land and planted their own cane. Eventually their holdings were to include parts of Ulupalakua Ranch.

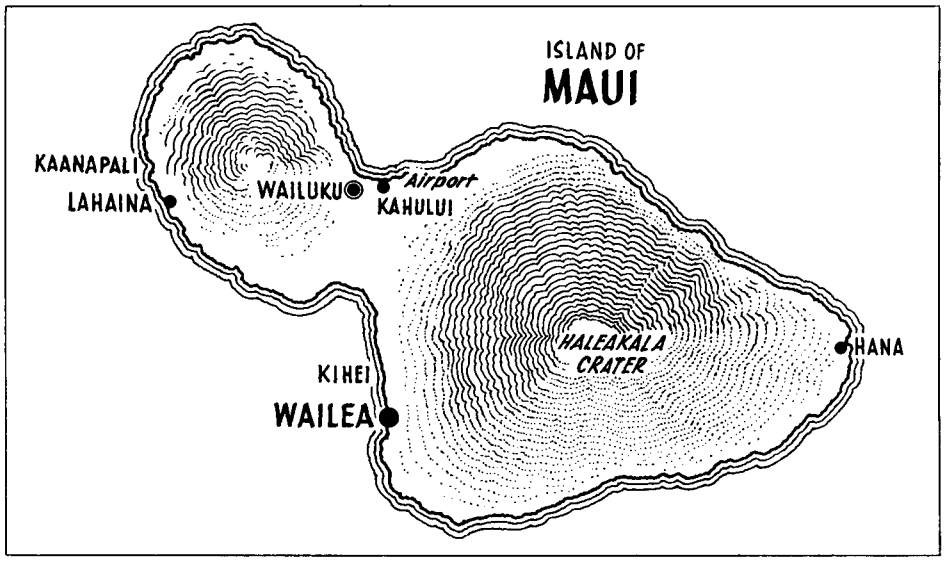
Alexander died in 1904, Baldwin in 1911, but the company rolled on, venturing into pineapple, shipping, and eventually the pleasuring of travelers. Absorbing the Matson Navigation Company meant the start of passenger ships, and ultimately hotels in Waikiki, notably the Royal Hawaiian, which opened in 1927 and was sold, with the Moana, the Surfrider, and the Princess Kaiulani.

But in the early 1970s, Alexander & Baldwin formed the Wailea Land Corporation and was once more back providing amenities for visitors. Its 1,450-acre resort has been planned to embrace two condominium villages, three major hotels, two golf courses, and assorted pools and tennis courts.

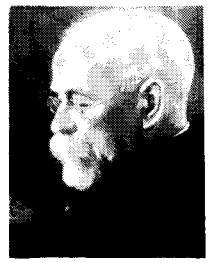
Lea was the goddess of the canoe makers, vital members of Hawaiian society who needed sturdy trees, fertile soil in which forests would grow, and ample fish for food. Wailea, where early canoe makers dwelled, means the "water of Lea," the coastal lands half an hour south of the airport at Kahalui and nearly an hour away from the Kaanapali–Napili shoreline which has erupted in a wall of hotels and condominiums. Sixteen years ago, when I first looked upon Kaanapali, its four-mile-long expanse of sand was interrupted only by a lone Hawaiian boy who climbed on an outcropping of lava and dove into the sea. Wailea hopes it has learned the lessons of Waikiki and Kaanapali, and although concrete condominiums have sprouted near Kihei, the preserve of Alexander and Baldwin is being carefully monitored.

By Hawaiian law, beaches are open to all; the problem is often access. The Wailea Corporation, which Alexander & Baldwin formed in partnership with Northwestern Mutual Insurance, has built access roads, parking areas, and pathways to five beaches that rim the coastal edge of its property. The condominium cluster of Wailea Ekahi Village runs down toward Keawakapu Beach—the "forbidden harbor" in Hawaiian. Elua Village overlooks Ulua Beach, the waters where the ulua fish play.

The new Hotel Inter-Continental Maui, operated by Pan American's affiliated hotel company, commands a seaside promontory. Wailea Beach sprawls on one side and Ulua on the other. Western Hotels is planting a 350-room shelter to open next year on Mokapu Beach, a strand named for the sacred ancestral lands of the region. Only the sea and the sky—and an occasional visitor—embrace Polo Beach, named not for the game, but for the ancient Hawaiian "march of the spirits," which, legend and believers insist, can still be heard on sacred moonlit nights when the ghostly procession moves to the sea.



*Alexander*



*Baldwin*

La Pérouse Bay is a wide, sweeping arc of sand south of Polo, named for the visit, in 1786, of Jean François de Galaup, Comte de La Pérouse. Considerably more celebrated today is Makena, which can be gained only by sea or over an axle-cracking, crater-dappled path that leads through a tangle of brush. Its inaccessibility has made it the lair of the backpackers, who delight in its seclusion, a circumstance that invites the discarding of clothes and the seeking of spiritual nourishment in the local brand of cannabis known as "Maui wowie."

La Pérouse, after the war with England, in which he served off the Canadian coast, set out on a government expedition to conclude the explorations of Captain Cook, the British explorer who came a cropper in these same islands when, in 1779, he was killed and probably eaten. After California, Alaska, and Maui, La Pérouse ventured into the Far East, only to founder and disappear in the New Hebrides.

La Pérouse inspires some romantic fascination among restaurateurs. His name still adorns an establishment of past glory on the Quai des Grands-Augustins in Paris which in 1969 was demoted from three Michelin stars to two, and now is not even listed. (La Pérouse is also the name of a small hotel on the rue La Pérouse, and its restaurant is equally starless.) The count's fleeting visit to a beach so near was enough to inspire the restaurant-namers of Inter-Continental, who, invading the archives, found that La Pérouse had entered the island of "Mowee" in his log and had written of the "Indians of the villages" who came alongside in their canoes to barter hogs, sweet potatoes, and bananas.

In making port at Maui, La Pérouse had accomplished what Cook, meeting high seas a few years earlier, had been unable to do. In the name of the French navigator, the hotel has created a superb seafood restaurant serving an assortment of international fare—Alaskan crab legs, Australian lobster tails, giant Maui shrimp, English Dover sole, Columbia River salmon, and Japanese-style *sashimi*, the raw fish that is a Hawaiian cocktail-party tidbit. It is celestial fare, presented with great éclat and served to the pluckings of a harpist named Holly Angel.

Rather than forcing patrons to filter into one mess hall every time the dinner bell rings, the hotel has scattered a number of restaurants where they are convenient. The usual coffee shop and terrace



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restaurants aside, the Set Point Tennis Club serves sandwiches and a light lunch for constant players. The steak house at the golf club puts up Maui catfish and *kalbi-kui*—spicy Korean-style short ribs—and an assortment of artichokes, snails, and sautéed mushrooms.

A new shopping center near the golf club will bring with it an assortment of stores, a delicatessen Italian style, and other restaurants.

The hotel's 600 rooms are scattered in fifteen low-rise buildings and one seven-story mid-rise; but all follow the contour of the land and seem to snuggle with contentment into hillsides. The straightaway view looks to Kahoolawe, which the military uses for bombing practice; to tiny, uninhabited Molokini, in front; and to Molokai and West Maui. Out on a flanking beach one day, past the cactus and the kiawe, I came upon a household spread on a rise in the sand. A seining net was hung in the trees to dry, and a lantern suspended over the tent entrance. The chatelaine of this encampment was busy stitching needlepoint and admiring the view that took in all these islands, and on that day, which shone with singular clarity, the clear, if distant, outline of Oahu as well.

Often, on these beaches, the lava rock comes down to the very edge of the sea and in places seems to have been stopped abruptly by the water and reared up in steaming outrage like a team of shying horses. Those fine points of nature appreciation were surely lost on the young Marines who practiced on Wailea, Ulua, and Mokapu beaches for the landings at Tarawa. The pillboxes constructed to simulate enemy strongpoints have never been removed.

The rutted roads, the lackluster lava, the kiawe tangle, and the sere landscape are a dusty difference from the deep green of the Wailea golf course, with the great mountain rising behind it in pastel patches —deep green stands of trees, blue sky, and now and then whiffs of passing clouds.

Lava rock covered with grass stripping forms an unusual stadium at the tennis club. The lava hillsides, carpeted now with grass, form the hotel's backyard and are an ideal perch for watching the whales that make their way down from Alaska in this season to spawn in Maalaea Bay. It is looked upon as something of a maritime omen that a whale gave birth on the day of the Inter-Continental's official opening.

The whales must share Maalaea with the Seaflight, the new jetfoil boats built by Boeing that travel now between Hawaii's cities, making the run from Honolulu in two hours. The crossing by air takes a quarter of the time, and I flew on the return, knowing I had to transfer at Honolulu for another Boeing, Pan Am's 747 heading back to the real world beyond the cluster of islands. In a few hours I would be sitting, I knew, in the bubble of that leviathan, dining on slices of beef served on white napery, then descending the spiral stairway to catch the movie before the bird got in.

With all that in prospect, I kicked off my shoes that last morning in Maui and walked down the beach, past Ulua, to Mokapu and down to Keawakapu. A Japanese-Hawaiian with throw net was out in the flats netting fish, and a group of scuba divers from the hotel was following the leader on a morning exploration under the sea. The waves were coming with a great, rolling roar, crashing against the lava and sending the spray spinning into the brilliant blue sky. Who could fault Captain Makee for giving up his command for life on this shore, or Alexander and Baldwin for making it available to those neither young enough nor enspirited enough by inhalations of Maui wowie to have discovered it on foot. ◉


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# World Progress Report

### Britannia, Rule the Waves

Now that the empire and the naval strength that sustained it are only memories, Great Britain is turning toward a new kind of sea power. With oil from beneath the North Sea just beginning to show up on the British balance sheet, the government's Central Policy Review Staff is already preparing for the day when the wells will have run dry. Still looking seaward, the official agency is sponsoring practical research into various possibilities for getting useful energy directly from the ceaseless rising and falling of the waves, which, as the song says, Britannia used to rule.

Among the promising prospects is one called the "Salter duck," devised by thirty-six-year-old Dr. Stephen Salter. The "duck" is a pear-shaped float that bobs vigorously in even moderate waves. According to Salter's calculations, strings of his ducks, mounted on concrete breakwaters, could convert 90 percent of the waves' power into useful energy.

The government has created a Wave Energy Steering Committee, with a budget of $1.8 million and two years to study the alternatives. Britain's Department of Energy theorizes that about half of the country's present energy requirements could be generated from only 600 square miles of ocean. The department's chief scientist, Dr. Walter Marshall, cautiously predicts that a small, prototype wave-power producer might be in place by 1986, to be followed by a large-scale station in 1990. "But even if everything goes well," he adds, "it will probably be the next century before wave power is a going concern."

### Costs of Living

As anyone can tell from the bottom line on the check-out tape at the supermarket or the small change from a dollar at what used to be the five-and-ten, the cost of things is way up and rising. But the official figures the government gives us to chart the progress of inflation are only the anonymous averages of quotidian costs; they somehow fail to capture the budget crunch that threatens to beggar us all.

A better sense of what's happening to us is provided by the Community Council of Greater New York, a social-service-research organization, which recently released its latest annual tally of the total bill for raising a child in what was once called Fun City. From the day the last bill for the baby's birth is paid until the scion turns old enough to vote, the council calculates conservatively, the cost of assuring the survival of the species by having a baby in 1975 will add up to almost $85,000 eighteen years later. The average annual bill will come to $4,709.83. By comparison, a child born in 1958—thus eighteen or over now—would have cost a mere $27,578, or a yearly average of only $1,532.11—about one-third as much.

The council based its estimate on the costs attributable to the second of two children in a family enjoying a "moderate" standard of living. A 1958-born eighteen-year-old, according to the council, has already eaten more than $9,000 worth of food, at yesterday's prices, even allowing for only a suspiciously low $252 spent feeding an adolescent addiction to fast food at McDonald's and other similar emporiums. The junior member's share of family housing costs comes to almost $8,000, clothing comes to almost $3,500, and medical care—assuming nothing serious—to $2,250. Bare-bones incidentals like books and transportation make up the rest.

The middle-class family that has just finished raising an eighteen-year-old may feel better off than the family that is just beginning, figuring that their own budgetary burden is about to lighten considerably. On second thought, however, they may contemplate their costs yet to come, for college—easily $10,000 to $20,000 for four years, at the going rates—and wonder if their heir hasn't already inherited.

### Virtue Rewarded

While some U.S. industrial corporations have been complaining of late that they cannot meet the costs of pollution control without bankrupting themselves and the country, other companies can offer very different testimony. At a January meeting in Washington, cosponsored by the Environmental Protection Agency and the Department of Commerce, representatives of more than 200 corporations confessed that they had done well by doing good.

According to Lewis W. Lehr, president of the 3M Company's domestic operations, his corporation's "Pollution Prevention Pays" program has saved $11 million as a result of 19 projects that have eliminated 73,000 tons of air pollutants, 500 million gallons of water pollutants, and 2,800 tons of solid waste per annum.

In a similar vein, Dr. Earle B. Barnes, executive vice-president of the Dow Chemical Company, told the meeting that a $3 million pollution-control system in its Louisiana division was able annually to recover commercial chemicals worth $100,000. Environmental Protection Agency administrator Russell E. Train reported that the J.R. Simplot Company of Caldwell, Idaho, has started spraying its potato-processing wastes on pastures instead of into the Boise River. The fertilizer has doubled the land's production of forage, providing feed for 26,000 cattle.

—ANTHONY WOLFF

*"Smile the next time you call my comment moot."*



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# Manner of Speaking

## Happy 1977 and Other Confusions

by John Ciardi

It's 1977. It's here and we might as well give it a try. It comes with a built-in new President, and we are under contract to give *him* a try. Why not throw in a pinch or two of hope while we are at it? Certainly, he has no way of being right about everything all the time. The new year does not offer any such possibility, but only one more chapter of the muddle.

The best any man can do with a muddle is to keep it going as genially as possible. Forget the notion that muddles are to be muddled through. Once you have worked your way through to the other side, you may find you have bumped head-on into a Big Decision—and who wants one of those? When nations become firm, clear, and decisive, people get chewed up as if they did not matter.

The art of it is to muddle on, not through.

Someone is supposed to have asked Somerset Maugham how he felt about reaching his ninetieth birthday, and he is supposed to have answered, "The alternative considered, I rather like it."

Living in a muddle is a condition that has to be taken with the alternative considered. That alternative has long been the Pentagon's area of clarification, and I, for one, prefer my confusions to the Pentagon's clarities. Besides, I need my confusions to hope on.

And there are hopeful signs. For example, 1977 will not be the year of the orator. The gas of oratory tends to make an explosive mixture when released into the fog of the muddle. This President seems disposed to keep a few "er-ahs" in what he has to say. He even seems capable of long, thoughtful pauses in mid-sentence.

During such pauses, even a President may find time to think. Having taken thought, he may come to understand (perhaps he has already) that there is no Right Way to run a muddle. Once he knows that, he can concentrate on choosing those mistakes that chew up the fewest people. The mistake with the fewest teeth in it is ideal government. The makeshift that averts ultimate resolution is statesmanship. The error that lasts longest is the right one.

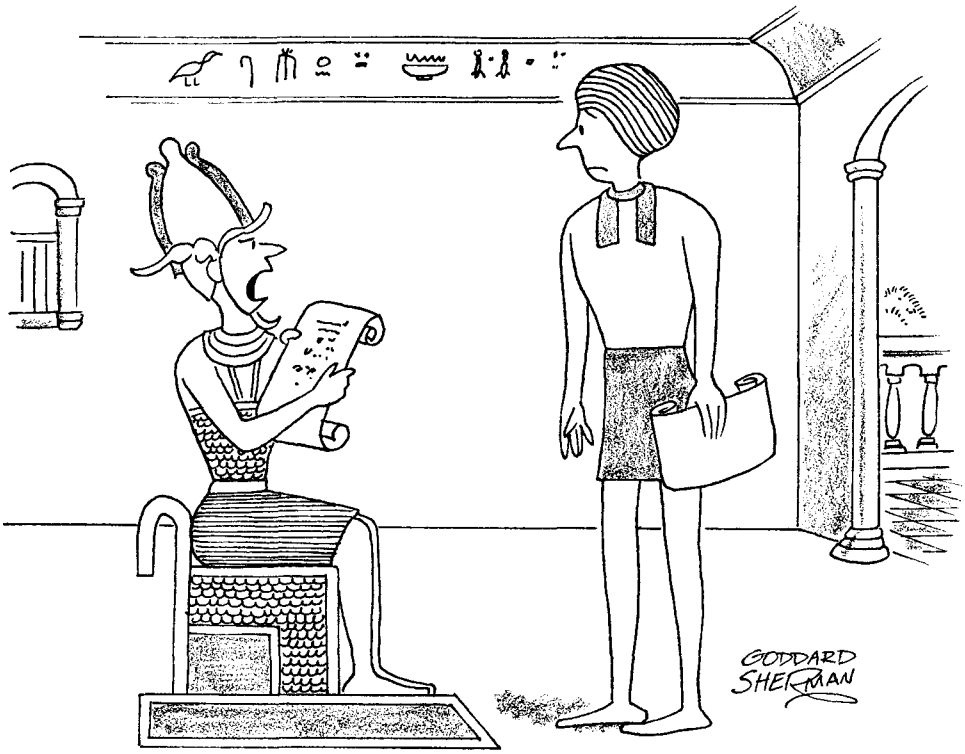
I like Mr. Carter's air of engagement with confusion. Had he declared in advance that he meant to step in and get us clarified, I would be living in fear. He has asked only for our trust, and so long as he remains confused about the nature of confusion, he has my trust.

Russia has been trying to get itself overclarified, and I know a lot of Americans are worried about that, but I will not despair so long as Russia remains firmly and decisively Communist. Their Communism is our margin of safety, for it certifies that every job over there will remain a government job. Do you need more reassurance? Imagine for yourself how much a Ford would cost and how well it would run (if at all) were the Ford Motor Company to be run by the federal government. Had enough? I told you it wasn't entirely hopeless.

In our time the most clarified people under the firmest and most decisive government were the Germans (and the people living under German occupation of, alas, the Third Reich—the Thousand Year Reich as Hitler declared it to be in 1932. It ground out to rubble in 1945, leaving the Clarified Millennium 988 years short. That shortfall is worth a toast in every year we can live without being overclarified by such government: Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the forty-fifth anniversary of the Third Reich—confusion to it. And to us, so long as we can manage to keep it genial.

Nepotism: And a happy 1977 and long and happy confusion to Myra Ciardi, daughter of the house, and my (and your) newest recording artist, who sings "Do You Ever Think of Me?"—words and music by Richie Baron, on the Polydor label—just released.

Check your nearest jukebox. Phone, write, threaten your favorite disc jockey. Rush to your record dealer: if he has less than a thousand in stock, abuse him. Act now. Any show of immoderate enthusiasm will be accepted as a minimum response. ◉




*"You call this a contract? Why, it's not worth the papyrus it's printed on!"*



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# Diversions

## Of Columbus, Crime, Eggs, and Yellow Fever

by Leo Rosten

It's myth-busting time again. I know it's myth-busting time because the file I keep on The Things People Believe That Just Are Not True is busting at the seams. Here are seven hallowed beliefs that turn out to be hollow baloney:

*Columbus theorized that the earth is round, not flat, so he sailed westward.*

Hold it. In the late fifteenth century any seaman worth his salt (so to speak) knew that the earth is not flat. We know that Columbus owned, and many times read, Cardinal d'Ailley's *Imago Mundi*, which summarized the geographical knowledge of his time—including many demonstrations that the world is a globe.

What Columbus feared was not that his ships would fall off the edge of a flat earth, but that (1) he might encounter "monsters of the deep" who would smash his ships and eat his crews, or (2) he would run out of water before he could sail all the way back to the Canary Islands.

*Robberies and burglaries have a tendency to zoom sharply in times of prosperity.*

The statistics show that they do not. (Read James Q. Wilson's *Thinking About Crime*, an admirable analysis of crime, crooks, and cockeyed assumptions.)

*When we sleep, our brains rest.*

No way. Research in various "sleep laboratories" shows that *everyone* dreams during sleep (whether you remember the dream or not after awakening), and that while you are dreaming, heartbeat and respiration usually *increase*. Your brain uses up more energy in a nightmare than it does when you are sitting in an easy chair watching TV or are immersed in the soul-numbing turgidity of most best-selling novels.

*When Galileo dropped two stones—one tiny, one large—from the Leaning Tower of Pisa, he proved that despite differences in weight, solid objects drop with equal velocity and hit the ground at the same time.*

Nope. They do not. Velocity and acceleration are influenced by air resistance, mass, and force. If you want to prove this to your own satisfaction, go to the Grand Canyon and simultaneously drop a sheet of paper and a cannonball. (If you can't lay your hands on a cannonball, drop a baseball, or a can of chicken gumbo soup.) You know damn well the paper won't hit bottom first.

Worse yet for popular knowledge, modern historians doubt that Galileo dropped anything from the Leaning Tower. So far as I can find out, no evidence has ever been discovered to support the story. Even in Galileo's time, the alleged experiment was a young wives' tale.

*Having children reduces the chances of divorce.*

Only in the sweet imaginations of those who have not examined the figures. Children play only a small and incidental role in preventing divorces or maintaining marriages-on-the-rocks. (See Berelson and Steiner's definitive *Human Behavior: An Inventory of Scientific Findings.*)

*It is shaped like an egg.*

Which egg? Owl eggs are shaped unlike chicken eggs; swallows lay eggs with slightly pointed ends; whippoorwills produce oval eggs; and the eggs of the snipe are as round as pearls.

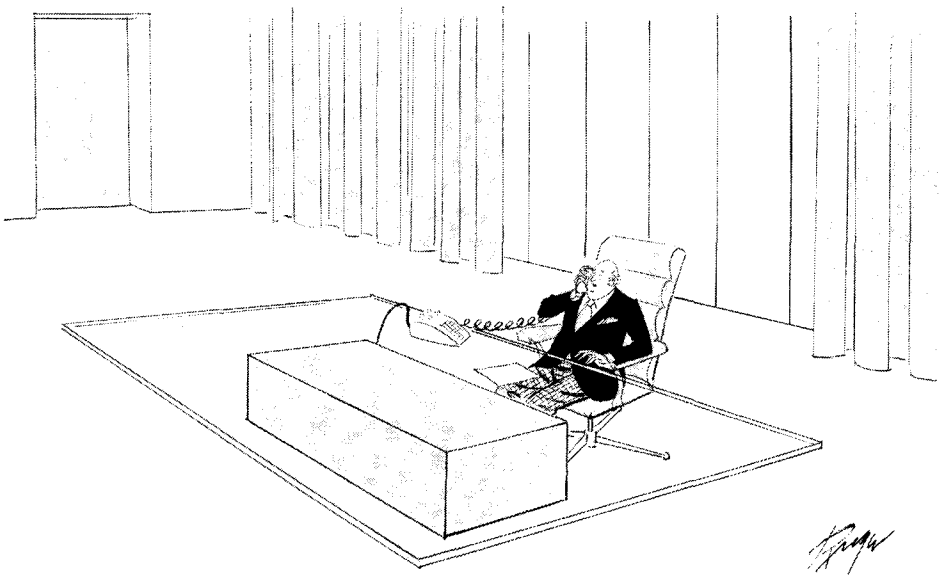
I have not yet run across a species that lays square eggs, but that's no reason to go on assuming that all eggs are shaped like the ones hens cackle over.

*Yellow fever is the bane of life in the tropics.*

I would be the last to deny it—but yellow fever has also mowed down millions of citizens in France, England, Italy, Greece, Boston, Philadelphia.

Why? Yellow fever is caused by a virus transmitted by the bite of certain mosquitoes—especially the species called *Aedes egypti*. Contrary to popular belief yellow fever does *not* rage in the Far East nor in hapless India—because mosquitoes that carry the virus do not live, bite, or vote there.

In terms of insect-borne diseases, incidentally, the safest big country in the world is Ireland, where nothing more lethal cavorts than the bumblebee. Between the dazzling colleens and the absence of snakes, yellow jack, pornography and Idi Amin, Ireland is a dandy place to visit. I dedicate this posy to Horace Sutton. ◉



*"Miss Richardson, will you see to it that my books, papers, filing cabinets, tape recorder, address book, paintings, typewriter, stationery, and rubber plant are also kicked upstairs?"*

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# Light Refractions

## Pondering the Personal Pronoun Problem

by Thomas H. Middleton

THE first time I saw *MS* in print, it was the name of a small literary magazine; it was pronounced "em ess," and it stood for *manuscript*. I remember thinking that it wasn't a good title.

Today, *Ms.* is the name of another magazine; it's pronounced "mizz," it stands for *liberated woman*, and it is a very good title, as well as a very good magazine.

A few years ago, when the problem of finding a word to substitute for *Miss* and *Mrs.* had not yet been solved, I was hoping that almost anything but *Ms.* would be adopted. I didn't like the look of "Ms.," and, as far as I knew, "Miz" up to that time was just a folksy way of saying "Mrs." In fact, I remember a character Bob and Ray invented whose name was something like Miz Pringle: "I'm Miz Pringle." "Yes, Mrs. Pringle." "No, not *Mrs.*—*Miz*. My name is *Miz*. *Miss* Miz Pringle."

*Ms.* did emerge as the new title, of course—its establishment as a feminist title secured by its use as the title of our leading feminist magazine. I'm quite reconciled to it.

I think most of us knew that there had to be a new word. It always seemed to me unfair that women were designated "married" or "single" by *Mrs.* and *Miss*, whereas men had their marital status concealed by the all-purpose *Mr.* It seemed to me that *Mrs.* and *Miss* were a bit like an invasion of privacy.

Now that *Ms.* has made it, we're going to have to settle the problem of the masculine pronoun's taking charge when the gender is undetermined, as in "Each member should supply *his* own utensils." Today, a great many people are laboriously conscientious in saying things like "his or her own utensils" or "his/her own utensils." In the past few years, I've received dozens of suggestions for new pronouns to cover both genders. The most recent was from Thomas S. Jackson, a Washington, D.C., lawyer, who says that the use of "him or her," "he or she," and so on, "is both awkward and wasteful." He suggests some new pronouns:

"Suppose we were to use the word *shis* in lieu of 'his or hers' . . . *shem* for 'him or her' . . . and *sheme* where we would now use 'he or she'? Consider, from a hypothetical bylaw:

"As of Now: 'In the event of the absence, death, or incapacity of the President, his or her duties shall be performed by the Vice-President; and all of the powers . . . shall devolve upon him or her, as the case may be. . . .'

"New Words: 'In the event of the absence, death, or incapacity of the President, shis duties shall be performed by the Vice-President, and all of the powers . . . shall devolve upon shem. . . .' "

I agree with Mr. Jackson that "he or she" is awkward. "Him/her" is grotesque. But I hope *shis*, *shem*, and so on won't catch on. I've read suggestions for *heshe*, *hisher*, *himmer*, and several other neologisms, and I don't like any of them.

The fact is that we already have a perfectly good word. All we have to do is relax our prejudice against it. The word is *they*. "Each member should supply their own utensils." "In the event of the absence, death, or incapacity of the President, their duties shall . . ."

It pings a rather sour note on the educated ear, but it doesn't have to, and to my mind, it beats all the *himmers* and *heshes* and *shems*.

It's worth noting that *they* has fairly good credentials already. The *Oxford English Dictionary* says that *they* is "Often used in reference to a single noun made universal by *every*, *any*, *no*, etc., or applicable to one of either sex (= 'he or she')." The *O.E.D.* then gives instances of this use of *they* from Fielding, Ruskin, Bagehot, and several other reputable types.

I'm conservative enough to have stuck with the conventional *he*, *him*, and *his* so far, eschewing *he or she*, *him or her*, *he/she*, *him/her*, *himmer*, *shis*, and all the rest, including *they* and *them*; but as I've used *he*, *him*, and *his*, I've found myself feeling increasingly sexist. So I hereby resolve to try to use *they*, *them*, and *their* in defiance of traditional grammar—in the hope of making a start toward drowning out *shis*, *hisher*, *himmer*, and *heshe*—confident that I'm asking for a deluge of letters from outraged grammarians.

When everybody gets out their poison pens, I'll try to withstand their wrath.

There. That wasn't so bad, was it? ◉

*"I'm not sure. I think it has something to do with the eternal revenue service."*



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## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHERS — ADMINISTRATORS. Current school, college openings (about 200) list in U.S. $5.95; abroad $5.95; principal, headmaster openings $4.95; library openings $4.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95; foreign $4.95. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

TEACHER INFORMATION EXCHANGE—the most comprehensive publication of its kind—publishes monthly 60-90 pages of current school/university vacancies. $44/12 months, $30/8 months, $16/4 months, $6/1 month. Box 306-SR, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!! 50,000 jobs! Transportation! Latest information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 8489-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J. Boston, Mass. 02103.

LEADERS NEEDED for 4-6 week summer bicycle-camping trips for teenagers. Applicants must be 21 or older. Write or call Student Hosteling Program of New England, Rochester, Vt. 05767. (802) 767-3297.

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 5529W, Washington, DC 20016.

U.S. FIRMS OVERSEAS—Complete information on hundreds of worldwide companies. Outstanding opportunities and advantages. Send $6.97. Globalemploy (LNDA), 704 Mira Vista, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

JOBS ON SHIPS! Men-Women. American, Foreign. Worldwide travel. No experience necessary. Guide $3. Seafax, Dept. W-10, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS. Math/science, agriculture, engineering, planning, business administration, accounting, nursing degrees needed for Peace Corps projects in Africa, Latin America, Asia, the Pacific. French or Spanish desirable. Expenses paid: travel, medical, vacation and living. U.S. citizens, singles or couples only. Information: Cynthia Poindexter, ACTION, Box P-11, Washington, D.C. 20525.

REPRESENTATIVES (South, West particularly) wanted by famous arts & music camp. Resumé, please! SR Box 2161.

TEACHER WITH APPETITE FOR ENTERPRISE. for consulting/marketing of instructional management systems. Southeastern U.S. President, Learning Unlimited, 72 Park St., New Canaan, Conn. 06840.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WRITE & SELL short reports for incredible lifetime income. Free details. Gwent, Mancos, Colo. 81328.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barnett, Dept. C-310-A, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660.

## GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

JEEPS $59.30!—CARS—$33.50!—200,000 ITEMS! —GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services, Department P-5, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109. (165 Cervantes).

## SITUATIONS WANTED

FEMALE BAND DIRECTOR . . . super with people . . . wants interesting summer work. SR Box 2150.

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 78* (see page 28): No man would listen to you talk if he didn't know it was his turn next. —E. W. Howe



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# Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

| | | | | | | 1 N | 2 R | 3 G | 4 L | 5 Z | 6 I | 7 A | 8 S | | 9 E | 10 C | 11 Z | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12 V | 13 F | 14 I | 15 H | | 16 G | 17 D | 18 T | 19 P | | 20 Y | 21 J | 22 A | | 23 N | 24 W | 25 P | | 26 B |
| 27 Z | | 28 T | 29 I | 30 Q | 31 Q | 32 U | 33 E | 34 P | 35 Z¹ | | 36 H | 37 X | | 38 N | 39 Z¹ | 40 U | 41 B | 42 P |
| 43 J | 44 E | 45 V | | 46 T | 47 Q | 48 R | 49 I | 50 N | 51 V | 52 Q | 53 N | 54 B | 55 C | | 56 N | 57 L | 58 K | 59 J |
| 60 X | 61 E | | 62 F | 63 B | 64 A | 65 G | 66 Z | | 67 N | 68 J | 69 E | 70 C | 71 Y | 72 G | | 73 L | 74 Z¹ | 75 K |
| | 76 H | 77 Q | 78 I | 79 C | 80 J | | 81 X | 82 L | | 83 O | 84 B | 85 T | 86 A | 87 E | | 88 M | 89 Z | 90 I |
| | 91 Z¹ | 92 G | 93 N | 94 S | 95 M | | 96 A | 97 V | 98 S | | 99 W | 100 K | 101 Z | 102 P | 103 H | | 104 I | 105 X |
| | 106 Q | 107 Z | | 108 W | | 109 G | 110 Y | 111 C | | 112 H | 113 X | 114 M | | 115 B | 116 A | 117 C | 118 P | 119 W |
| 120 E | | 121 T | 122 B | 123 J | 124 M | 125 X | 126 P | | 127 G | 128 F | 129 O | 130 C | 131 Z | | 132 Z¹ | 133 T | 134 A | |
| 135 X | 136 R | 137 N | | 138 Y | 139 K | | 140 Y | | 141 J | 142 F | 143 D | 144 W | 145 V | 146 H | 147 K | | 148 E | 149 H |
| 150 W | | 151 F | 152 O | 153 K | 154 B | 155 Z¹ | 156 Q | | 157 E | 158 G | 159 A | 160 B | 161 P | 162 D | 163 Z | | 164 R | 165 F |
| 166 K | | 167 Y | 168 J | 169 S | 170 U | | 171 O | 172 N | 173 S | 174 Y | 175 B | | 176 Q | 177 X | | 178 Y | 179 K | 180 D |
| | 181 T | 182 R | 183 B | 184 U | 185 Z¹ | 186 E | | 187 F | 188 P | | 189 V | 190 S | 191 W | 192 T | 193 C | | 194 V | 195 I |
| 196 R | 197 D | 198 W | 199 U | | 200 Z | 201 W | 202 A | 203 B | 204 F | 205 S | 206 T | 207 N | | 208 H | 209 Z¹ | 210 O | 211 Y | |
| 212 Q | | 213 J | 214 V | 215 C | 216 U | 217 A | 218 E | 219 T | 220 W | | 221 D | 222 Y | 223 C | | 224 M | 225 L | 226 Z¹ | |
| 227 N | 228 B | 229 U | 230 P | 231 K | 232 M | | 233 C | 234 V | 235 F | 236 H | 237 T | | | | | | | |

## Number 118

### Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Immense regions | 86 116 159 217 7 22 64 96 134 202 |
| B. Situated, formed, or occurring deep within the earth | 203 26 41 84 122 160 175 228 54 63 115 154 183 |
| C. Brightens, polishes up again | 193 223 233 79 117 111 130 215 10 55 70 |
| D. Loud, tawdry | 143 162 180 197 221 17 |
| E. Courage | 33 44 61 69 87 148 157 186 218 9 120 |
| F. Photograph of a cloud or clouds | 128 142 151 165 187 204 235 13 62 |
| G. Command, order | 65 92 109 127 158 3 16 31 47 72 |
| H. Bitter gum resin formerly used as an antispasmodic and carminative | 76 112 146 208 236 15 36 103 149 |
| I. Nag, plug | 14 29 78 90 104 195 6 49 |
| J. Wastes away, as from disuse | 68 80 141 168 213 21 43 59 123 |
| K. Dining hall in a monastery or convent | 153 166 139 179 58 75 100 147 231 |
| L. First president of the Philippines | 4 82 57 225 73 |
| M. Plucks | 95 224 53 124 67 88 114 232 |
| N. Practical, shrewd (comp.) | 23 38 172 207 50 93 227 1 56 137 |
| O. One instructed in a *secret system* | 152 171 210 83 129 |
| P. Ambiguous, doubtful (comp.) | 102 118 188 19 42 230 34 126 161 25 |
| Q. *The governor of* Ahab's house (I Kings 18:3) | 106 77 30 156 176 212 52 |
| R. City on the Loire, central France | 136 182 196 2 48 164 |
| S. Undistinguished imitator of an important writer, painter, etc. | 190 94 173 8 169 205 98 |
| T. *American shrub, Dirca palustris*, having a tough bark | 121 192 18 28 133 206 181 46 219 85 23 |
| U. City of China on the Liao *River near its mouth on* the Po Hai | 40 216 32 199 170 184 229 |
| V. Extravagant in aims, pretensions, etc. (comp.) | 194 234 45 97 12 145 214 51 189 |
| W. Chekhov play (2 wds.) | 144 198 99 119 201 191 24 220 150 108 |
| X. Potion used by the ancients to give forgetfulness of pain or sorrow | 37 105 60 125 177 81 113 135 |
| Y. English poet (1799–1845; "Song of the Shirt"; full name) | 167 222 71 211 140 20 178 110 138 174 |
| Z. Tempestuous wind that wrecked Paul's ship (Acts 27:14) | 11 101 200 27 66 131 5 163 89 107 |
| Z¹. Bringing back into existence, use, or the like | 185 74 226 132 155 209 91 39 35 |

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 117* appears on page 32.



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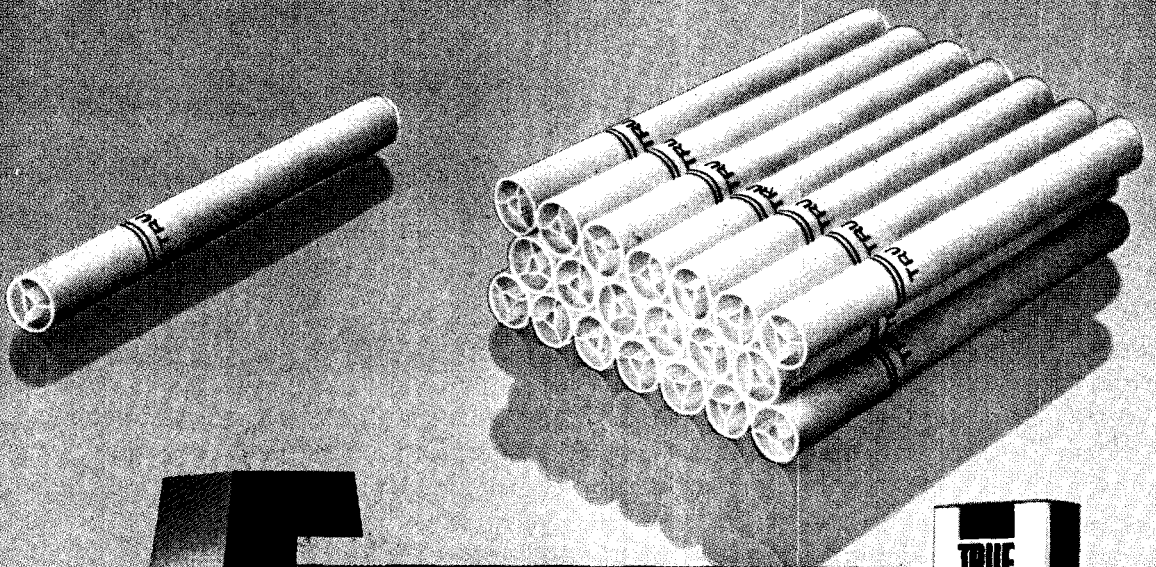
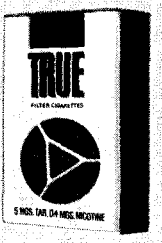



# 5 MGS. TAR

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